

My BOOKHOUSE



THE LATCH KEY



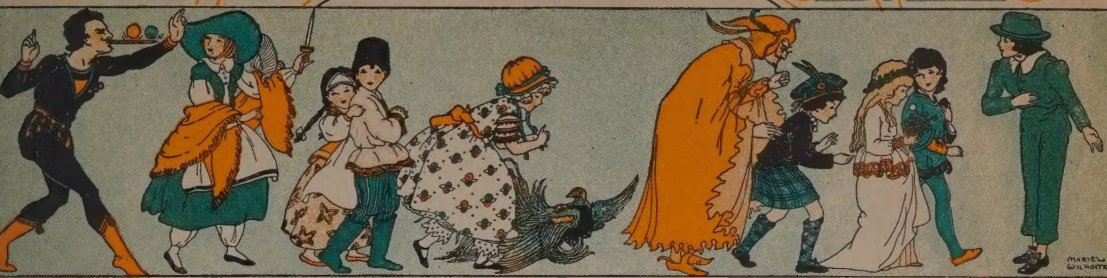


MY BOOK HOUSE
The Latch Key

The Latch Key

HERE stands a house all built of thought,
And full to overflowing
Of treasures and of precious things,
Of secrets for my knowing.

Its windows look out far and wide
From each of all its stories.
I'll take the key and enter in;
For me are all its glories.



The
LATCH KEY
of
MY BOOKHOUSE

EDITED BY
Olive Beaupré Miller



PUBLISHERS
The **BOOKHOUSE** *for* **CHILDREN**
CHICAGO TORONTO

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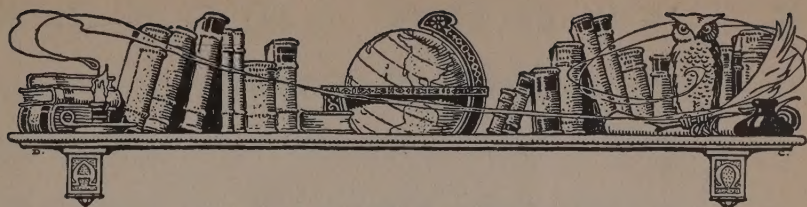
Publishers of

My BOOKHOUSE
Six Volumes

My TRAVELSHIP
Three Volumes

My BOOK of HISTORY
Six Volumes

Printed in U.S.A.



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THE LATCH KEY

What the child admired,
The youth endeavored and the
man acquired.

—John Dryden



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The Circus Man

PHINEAS T. BARNUM (*American*, 1810-1891)



IN ANY week day in the year 1819 or thereabouts, a barefooted boy might have been seen beneath the great shade trees in the quiet old town of Bethel, Connecticut, driving the cows to pasture, shelling corn, weeding the garden, or riding the horse which led the ox-team in ploughing. But as young Phineas Barnum rode the horse, or shelled the corn, his mind was busily occupied in figuring out what he could do to bring him in a few pennies.

Money was scarce in the Barnum home. The father was a tailor, a farmer, and sometimes a tavern-keeper, and the greatest adventure that could come into the boy's life was the carrying out of plans for the earning of small bits of money.

On holidays all the country folk for miles around came into town and stood about in throngs, gaping at the soldiers who marched out and trained on the village green. Those were days when the other boys of Bethel were busy riotously spending all their hoarded coppers. Not so with Phineas! No, indeed! Those were days when Phineas was busy riotously taking in the coppers!

"Here's where you get your home-made gingerbread, molasses candy and cookies!"

With bustling industry he peddled goodies among the crowd, thus generally finding himself richer at the end of the holiday by many a pretty penny.

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But as time passed and Phineas went adventuring into the real business world he found himself hardly so successful. He was twenty-five years old, had a wife and daughter to support and was keeping a country store. The store was a jolly place enough. There in the evenings and on rainy days, all the wits and wags of the village gathered to sit around the stove and talk or play jokes on each other, but, though Phineas was the most successful of all at the playing of jokes, he was by no means so successful when it came to keeping a store. He did not seem to be able to make it bring him in the pennies.

Now how could a man who had been born on the fifth of July, his coming into the world heralded by skyrockets and fire crackers, by a mighty thundering of cannon, a rattling of drums and all the other noises of Independence Day, be content with so quiet a life? It was not to be. Phineas Barnum was to make more noise and stir in the world than all the fireworks of Independence Day put together. And so it happened that, to begin his career, he heard the interesting tale of that remarkable negro woman, Joice Heth.

Joice was said to be one hundred and sixty-one years old. Furthermore, she asserted that it was she and none other who had been the nurse of George Washington, and dandled on her knee the infant Father of His Country. She was a dried up, little old creature, looking almost like a mummy, with a head of bushy, thick gray hair. Day in and day out, she lay stiff on a couch, unable to move her limbs, but she was pert and sociable, and would talk as long as any one else would converse with her. It was said that she had lain for years in an out-house on the estate of a certain John S. Bowling in Virginia, having been there so long that nobody knew or cared how old she was. And then one day Mr. Bowling accidentally discovered an old bill of sale describing this woman as having been sold by Augustine Washington, father of George, to his half sister, Elizabeth At-

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wood. When Barnum heard of Joice Heth he was filled with excitement and interest. Said he to himself:

"I will turn showman and exhibit this queer old woman."

Goodbye at once to the store. He sold out his stock for \$500.00 and with this little capital was off to travel about with Joice Heth and exhibit her to the public.

"Everything," declared young Barnum, "depends on startling the public interest, on getting people to talk and think of what I have to exhibit." And he wrote up such advertisements in the newspapers that the name of Joice Heth was on every tongue, and his showrooms in New York, Boston, Albany and elsewhere were thronged with crowds so large that he earned a vast return on his money.

Joice would prattle away garrulously about her "dear little George." She would tell how she had been present at his birth, and had been the one to put the very first clothes on the dear little infant. Often people would ask her questions about the Washington family, and she would answer them all, and was never caught in a single contradiction. When interest in the old woman appeared to be dying down, Barnum fanned it once more to white heat. He secretly caused the newspapers to raise the question whether she was not, after all, a mere automaton and no living woman.

"It is said on good authority," the newspapers declared, "that she is merely a wooden image talking and moving by means of machinery and springs." Thus curiosity was aroused anew, and people came in greater crowds than ever, to find out the truth about Joice.

By the time the old woman died, Barnum had made up his mind that his proper business in life was to be a showman and furnish the public with clean and harmless amusement. Accordingly, he set about at once to provide himself with another interesting individual to exhibit, and soon he fell in with a cer-

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tain Italian juggler who could spin plates, perform remarkable feats of balancing, and walk on stilts in a truly marvelous manner. This man called himself Signor Antonio, and he had once traveled in Italy with a hand-organ and a monkey. Barnum induced this worthy, as a first necessity to advancement, to take a bath and then to assume the much more imposing name of Signor Vivalla. By dint of a great deal of advertising he soon brought Vivalla to the very forefront of popular favor.

One evening it happened, however, when the Signor made his appearance, that there greeted him from the audience a scornful hiss of derision. The Signor himself was somewhat taken aback at this ugly sign of mockery, but not so Phineas Barnum. His policy was to turn everything, even criticism, to good account, so he sought out at once the man who had made the contemptuous noise, and he found him to be one Roberts, a circus performer, who insisted that he could do all Vivalla had done and more. Thereupon, Barnum publicly challenged

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Roberts to prove his boastful statements by holding a series of contests with Vivalla at a certain future date, and he offered a prize of a thousand dollars to the one who should be declared the winner. He then advertised this trial of skill far and wide, and so aroused public interest that he drew packed houses for every evening of the contest. Thus from a contemptuous hiss he won his greatest success with Signor Vivalla.

In April, 1836, Barnum contracted for himself and Vivalla to join Aaron Turner's Traveling Circus Company. Barnum, himself, was to act as ticket seller, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Turner was an old showman, but to Barnum this traveling and performing in canvas tents was altogether new.

For centuries, in England, dwarfs, giants and wild men had been popular, and there had been shows of jugglers, performing horses, dancing bears, feats of horsemanship, acrobats, rope-dancers, etc., at fairs and elsewhere. Indeed, an ancient hand-illuminated Anglo-Saxon manuscript shows an audience in an arena or amphitheatre built during the Roman occupation of Britain, diverted by a musician, a dancer and a trained bear, while Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, refers to a famous performing horse of his day. Rope-dancers threw somersaults over naked swords and men's heads in the days of Charles II, and Joseph Clark, the original "boneless man," appeared in the age of James II, while George Washington and his staff attended a circus performance in Philadelphia in 1780. But the regular tenting circus that traveled about with wagons, had not come into being either in England or America until sometime between the years 1805 and 1830. At first, these circuses were very small and modest exhibitions, met only at fairs, and they performed only in the daytime, because no means had been discovered for lighting the tent at night. But when in 1830, the method of lighting the ring with candles in a frame around the center pole was devised, the circus began to grow.

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Turner's Circus, with which Barnum first traveled, was a moderate sized show, and they set forth with quite a train of wagons, carriages, horses and ponies, a band of music and about twenty-five men. Their tour was very successful for all concerned, but in the fall Barnum took friendly leave of Turner to begin a little traveling exhibition of his own. He provided himself with several wagons and a small canvas tent and engaged as performers Vivalla, James Sandford, a negro singer and dancer, several musicians, and Joe Pentland, one of the cleverest and most original of clowns.

In Camden, South Carolina, Sandford suddenly deserted the company. Alas! Mr. Barnum had advertised negro songs at his performance! What was he to do? He was obliged to black his own face and hands, go on the stage and sing the advertised songs himself. To his surprise he was roundly applauded. But when, in his negro black, he hurried out after one of these performances to uphold some of his men against a white man who was abusing them, the fiery Southerner, taking him in truth for a negro, drew his pistol and shouted:

"You black rascal, how dare you use such language to a white man!"

Only the greatest presence of mind, which prompted Barnum to roll up his sleeve in a twinkling and reveal his own white skin, saved him from a bullet.

In going from Columbus, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, Barnum's Company was obliged to cross a thinly settled, desolate tract known as the "Indian Nation," and as several persons had been murdered there by hostile Indians, it was deemed dangerous to travel the road without an escort. Only the day before the stage coach had been held up in that region. The circus men were all well armed, however, and trusted that their numbers would seem too formidable to be attacked, but they said quite openly that they earnestly wished there were no need

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to run the risk. Vivalla, alone, declared himself to be fearless, and loudly boasted that he was ready to encounter fifty Indians and drive them all into the swamp. Accordingly, when the party had safely passed over the entire route to within fourteen miles of Montgomery, and were beyond the reach of danger, Joe Pentland, the clown, determined to test Vivalla's much boasted bravery.

Pentland had secretly purchased an old Indian dress with a fringed hunting shirt and moccasins, and these he put on, after coloring his face with Spanish brown. Then, shouldering his musket, he followed Vivalla and his party, and approaching stealthily, he leaped into their midst with a terrific war whoop. Barnum and Vivalla's other companions were all in the secret and they instantly fled, leaving the doughty hero alone with the foe. Without more ado, Vivalla took to his heels and ran like a deer. Pentland followed him, yelling horribly and brandishing his gun. After running a full mile, the hero, out of breath and frightened nearly out of his wits, dropped on his knees before his pursuer and begged for his life. The Indian levelled his gun at his victim but soon seemed to relent and signified that Vivalla should turn his pockets inside out. This he did, handing over to Pentland a purse containing eleven dollars. The savage then marched Vivalla to an oak, and with his handkerchief tied him in the most approved Indian manner to the tree.

After this, Pentland joined Barnum and the others, and as soon as he had washed his face and changed his dress, they all went to the rescue of Vivalla. The little Italian was overjoyed to see them coming, but the very moment that he was released he began to swagger about again, swearing that, after his companions had fled, the one Indian who had first attacked them had been reinforced by six more. He had defended himself stoutly, he said, but the superior force of the seven huge braves had at last compelled him to surrender! For a week the party pretended to believe Vivalla's big story, but at the end of that time they

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told him the truth, and Joe Pentland showed him his purse, desiring to return it. Inwardly, Vivalla must have been deeply chagrined, but outwardly he flatly refused to believe the story, and stubbornly said that he would not take back the eleven dollars, insisting that the money could not possibly be his, since his purse had been taken, not by one Indian, but by seven!



Now, at length, Barnum began to long earnestly for some more settled and worth-while phase of the show business. He wanted to amuse the public, but with a more valuable entertainment. It happened at just this time that the American Museum in New York City was for sale at a moderate price, for the reason that it had not been run for some time past so as to make any money. It was a fine collection of curiosities and Barnum determined to buy it, though the price, low as it was, was enormous in comparison with the small amount of capital which he had been able so far to lay by. He had the most eager confidence, however, that he could manage the Museum so as to make it pay large returns, and he had the courage to stake all that he had on his own enterprise, wit and ability. He offered to pay down all he possessed and to make enough out of the Museum to pay the rest within a set space of time, agreeing that if he could not do so, he should forfeit not only the Museum, but the whole amount that he had thus far paid.

So he found himself, at last, in possession of a valuable and instructive, as well as amusing, collection, well worthy that he should devote to it all his wonderful energies. There were all sorts of rare beasts and remarkably trained animals, from per-

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forming dogs to performing fleas, these latter only to be seen with their tiny carriages and outfits, through a magnifying glass. There were giants, dwarfs, jugglers, ventriloquists, rope-dancers, gypsies, Albinos and remarkable mechanical figures. Mr. Barnum banished all the poor and vulgar things which so frequently disfigured other performances of this kind, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to giving the public the best and cleanest performance to be found for twenty-five cents anywhere in the city.

He had such a remarkable understanding of human nature, and so keen and merry a wit, that he was always able to startle the public attention and keep people thinking and talking about his performances. Once he employed a man to go very solemnly and lay down three bricks at certain distances apart in front of the Museum, then to pass as solemnly with a fourth brick in his hand from one of the three to another, picking up each and exchanging it for the one he held in his hand. In no time at all the mysterious doings of the brick-man had attracted a huge crowd of curious humanity trying to find out what he could possibly be about, and when at the end of every hour, according to Barnum's directions, the man walked as though still intent upon this strange business of his, into the Museum, quite a little crowd of the curious would march up to the ticket office and buy tickets just to enter the building and learn, if they could, the secret of his strange doings.

Not only could Barnum use his wit to attract people into the Museum, but he also used the same wit on occasion to get them out again. Sometimes people would come and bring their luncheons and stay all day in the building, so crowding it that others who wished to come in, had to be turned away and their twenty-five cent pieces thus were lost to the coffers of the Museum. Once, on St. Patrick's Day, a crowd of Irish people thronged the place, giving every evidence, one and all, of intending to remain until sundown. Beholding an eager crowd without, pressing to

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come in, and the ticket seller forced of necessity to refuse their quarters, Barnum attempted to induce one Irish lady with two children to leave the place by politely showing her an egress or way out of the building through a back door into a side street. But the lady haughtily remarked that she had her dinner and intended to stay all day. Desperate by this time, Barnum ordered a sign-painter to paint on a large sign the words,

TO THE EGRESS.

This sign he placed over the steps leading to the back door where the crowd must see it after they had once been around the whole building and seen all there was to see. Plunging down the stairs, they read TO THE EGRESS, and knowing not at all the meaning of the word, but doubtless thinking that it sounded a good deal like Tigress, they shouted aloud:

“Sure that’s some new kind of animal!”

Eager to take in everything, they crowded out the door, only to find that this wonderful new curiosity was the back street!

Once Barnum engaged a band of wild Indians from Iowa for the Museum. The party consisted of a number of large, noble savages, beautiful squaws and interesting papooses. The men gave war dances on the stage with a vigor and enthusiasm that delighted the audiences. Nevertheless, these wild Indians considered their dances as realities, and after their war dance it was dangerous to get in their way, for they went leaping and peering about behind the scenes as though in search of victims for their knives and tomahawks. Indeed, a rope fence had to be built at the front of the stage to make certain that they should not, some night, plunge down upon their audience after one of their rousing war dances.

Finding the responsibility of thus protecting the public to be rather heavy, Mr. Barnum decided to ask them to change their bill by giving a wedding dance instead of a war dance. But the Indians took the wedding dance as seriously as they had the

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war dance. At the first afternoon performance, Mr. Barnum was informed that he was expected to provide a large new, red woolen blanket at a cost of ten dollars for the bridegroom to present to the father of the bride. He ordered the purchase made, but was considerably taken aback when he was told that he must have another new blanket for the evening's performance, as the old chief would on no account permit that his daughter should be approached with the wedding dance unless he had his blanket as a present. Mr. Barnum undertook to explain to the chief that no blanket was required since this was not a real wedding. The old savage, however, shrugged his shoulders and gave such a terrific "Ugh!" that Barnum was glad to make his peace by ordering another blanket. As they gave two performances a day he was out of pocket \$120.00 for twelve wedding blankets that week!

At another time, Barnum had at the Museum some powerful Indian chiefs who had come on a mission from the west to Washington. Some of these were fine, dignified, splendid types of the race, but one was a wiry little fellow known as Yellow Bear. He was a sly, treacherous, bloodthirsty savage, who had killed many whites as they traveled through the far west in early days. But

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now he was on a mission to the Great Father at Washington, seeking for presents and favors for his tribe, and he pretended to be exceedingly meek and humble, begging to be announced as the "great friend of the white man." He would fawn upon Mr. Barnum and try to convince him that he loved him dearly. In exhibiting these Indians on the stage, Mr. Barnum explained the name and character of each. When he came to Yellow Bear, he would pat him familiarly upon the shoulder, which always caused the old hypocrite to give the most mawkish grin and stroke his arm lovingly. Then, knowing that Yellow Bear did not understand a word he said, and thought he was complimenting him, Mr. Barnum would say in the sweetest voice:

"This little Indian, ladies and gentlemen, is Yellow Bear, chief of the Kiowas. He has killed, no doubt, scores of white persons and he is probably the meanest, blackest hearted rascal that lives in the far west."

Here Mr. Barnum patted him pleasantly on the head, and Yellow Bear, supposing that his introducer was sounding his praises, would smile and fawn upon him and stroke his arm while the other continued:

"If the bloodthirsty little villain understood what I was saying he would kill me in a moment, but as he thinks I am complimenting him, I can safely state the truth to you, that he is a lying, thieving, treacherous, murderous monster."



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And Mr. Barnum brought his remarks to a close by giving Yellow Bear another patronizing pat on the head, whereat the little chief with a final simpering grin, bowed to the audience as much as to say that his introducer's words were quite true and he thanked him for the high praises so generously heaped upon him!

Giants and dwarfs were always a great feature of Mr. Barnum's establishment. At different times he had the celebrated dwarfs, General Tom Thumb, Lavinia and Minnie Warren, Commodore Nutt, and Admiral Dot. In the darkest days of the Civil War he took Commodore Nutt to Washington, and President Lincoln, sad and overburdened, left a cabinet meeting to come out for a moment's relief and joke with the little fellow. Mr. Barnum had also the famous Nova Scotia giantess, Anna Swan, and, early in his career, a French giant, named Monsieur Bihin, and the Arabian giant, Colonel Goshen. One day Bihin and Goshen had a terrific quarrel. The Arabian called the Frenchman "a Shanghai" and the Frenchman called the Arabian "a Nigger!" From words the two were eager to proceed to blows. Running to the collection of arms in the Museum, one seized the murderous looking club with which Captain Cook was said to have been killed, and the other snatched up a crusader's sword of tremendous size and weight. Everything seemed ready for hopeless tragedy, but once again Barnum's quick and ready wit saved the day. Rushing in between the two enormous and raging combatants, he cried:

"Look here! This is all right! If you want to fight each other, maiming and perhaps killing one or both of you, that is your affair, but my interest lies here. You are under engagement to me, and if the duel is to come off, I and the public have a right to participate. It must be duly advertised and must take place on our stage. No performance of yours would be a greater attraction!"

This proposition, apparently made with such earnestness,

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caused the two huge creatures to burst into laughter, after which dose of healthy humor, they were unable longer to retain their anger, but shook hands and quarreled no more.

The American Museum was now tremendously successful, and in the year 1849, Mr. Barnum left it under the management of others, while he attended to the enterprise, of which before all other exhibitions, he was most proud. This was the bringing over to America of the famous Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," as she was called, an enterprise quite different in character from any other that Mr. Barnum had ever undertaken. By his genius for awakening public interest, he made the Nightingale's visit a never-to-be-forgotten success, and everywhere throughout the United States and Cuba she was received with almost riotous attention, while President Fillmore, General Scott, Daniel Webster, and many famous men delighted to pay her homage.

Barnum's well earned success had made him very rich, and the year before Jenny Lind came to America, he had built himself a beautiful home at Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he lived. This place he called Iranistan. The house was built in an elegant, airy, oriental style, with domes and slender minarets that looked, when seen by moonlight, like a fairy palace, taken bodily from some Moslem garden across the Bosphorous, and set down there by wizardry, amid such different surroundings. At Iranistan he lived with Mrs. Barnum and his daughters.

He was now a very public-spirited man, engaged in all sorts of activities valuable to Bridgeport, always expanding the city, making it more beautiful, and using his means unsparingly for the benefit of the town. He often encountered old fogies who opposed all progress because they had not his far reaching vision and could not see with him what would be for the final good of the city. But he always managed either to win them over or to get the obstacles they raised out of the way, so that the improve-

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ments he intended could be carried through, whether it were a new seaside park or a new bridge across the river.

His chief interest was in East Bridgeport, which lay on the opposite side of the river from Bridgeport proper. From pure farm land he turned this region into a thriving city, with factories, shops, and houses, and he lent money on very generous terms to workmen who wished to build homes over there. But in order to make East Bridgeport still more prosperous, he once undertook to induce the Jerome Clock Company to move there with all its employees and their families. He was assured that this concern was a sound and flourishing one, but its officers deliberately deceived him. In the belief that he was signing notes which should make him responsible for a moderate sum of money which he was willing to risk to repay the company for moving, he was tricked into signing notes for many times more than that amount, and so one day he awoke to find that the Jerome Clock Company had failed and he himself was a ruined man, responsible for their miserable debts, to an amount many times greater than the whole of his fortune. Thus, for a stranger concern, with the running of which he had had nothing to do, he had lost every penny and had, besides, a mountain of debts on his back.

Iranistan had to be given up and even the American Museum likewise. But in the face of this, his first misfortune, Barnum spent not a moment in complaint, discouragement or self-pity, although petty enemies hounded him and many whom he had thought his good friends in his high fortunes, now turned him a cold shoulder. He set to work at once to rebuild his fortunes, and rejoiced, instead of repining, because this affair had separated for him his real friends from those who had only fawned upon him for what they could get out of him.

Tom Thumb was one of his real friends who offered to help him in any way, and after moving his wife and daughters into humble quarters, Barnum set out to exhibit Tom Thumb for a

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second time in Europe. For four years now, he worked incessantly, lecturing and exhibiting various curiosities, sending every penny he could earn back home to pay up his debts.

During this time, too, occurred a second misfortune, the burning of beautiful Iranistan to the ground. But Barnum never let anything turn him from his purpose, and so, in 1860, he found himself free from debt at last and able to buy back once again his beloved American Museum. When he appeared on the stage of the Museum, and it was publicly announced that he was free of his troubles and once again Manager there, the public received him with the most tremendous shouts of applause, which showed clearly how they respected him, and how through his years of honest attempts to bring them happiness, he had endeared himself to them. Such a huge demonstration of affection nearly broke Barnum down. His voice faltered and tears came to his eyes as he thought what a magnificent conclusion this was to all the trials and struggles of the past four years.

Soon after Barnum entered again upon his duties at the Museum, there came to him a most interesting man, usually known as Grizzly Adams, from the fact that he had captured a great many grizzly bears at the cost of fearful encounters and perils. He was emphatically a man of pluck, and had been for many years a hunter and trapper in the Rockies and Sierra Nevada Mountains. He came to New York with his famous collection of California animals captured by himself. These consisted of twenty or thirty immense grizzlies, several wolves, buffalo, elk, and Old Neptune, the greatest sea lion of



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the Pacific. They had come from California on a clipper ship, sailing around Cape Horn. Old Adams had patiently trained these animals, and at terrific cost, for although all of them were docile with him now, there was not one of them but at times would give him a sly hit, and some of the bears had struck him so many times with their fearful paws that they had broken his skull. Old Adams was dressed in a hunter's suit of buckskin trimmed with the skins and bordered with the hanging tails of small Rocky Mountain animals; his cap consisted of the skin of a wolf's head and shoulders, from which depended several tails, and under this his bushy hair and long, white beard appeared. In fact, the man was as much of a show as his beasts.

Barnum bought a half interest in Adams' menagerie and erected a canvas tent for him. On the morning of his opening, the old man, preceded by a band of music, had a fine procession down Broadway and up the Bowery. At the head of a train of cages bearing his animals, he rode on a platform wagon, dressed in his hunting costume and holding two immense grizzly bears by chains, while he sat astride of one larger still, the famous General Fremont. It was General Fremont who had given Old Adams the last fearful blow on his head, from which doctors said he could not recover. Since then, however, General Fremont had become so docile that Adams had used him as a pack bear to carry his cooking and hunting apparatus, and had even ridden on his back for hundreds of miles through the mountains. The old man pluckily insisted on living for months and exhibiting his bears, in spite of his broken skull.

In 1861, Barnum heard of some white whales that had been seen in the lower St. Lawrence, and he set out at once to capture one. On a little island in the great river, inhabited by French Canadians, he engaged twenty-four fishermen to capture for him two white whales alive and unharmed. Scores of these creatures could at all times be discovered by their spouting within sight

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of the island. The men made a V shaped pen in the water, leaving the broad end open. When a whale got into this pen at high water, the fishermen closed the entrance with their boats making a tremendous noise and splashing to keep the whale in until low tide. Then the huge creature was left high and dry with so little water that he could not swim, and so he was easily captured. A noose of stout rope was slipped over his tail and he was thus towed to a large box lined with seaweed and partially filled with salt water. When two of these creatures were captured, Barnum went back to New York, sending out word in all directions at what time they were to pass through various towns on the line. Thus he drew tremendous crowds to the train to see the whales.

During the Civil War Barnum was too old to fight, but he sustained his part loyally at home, and in 1865 was elected to the Connecticut legislature. He soon discovered in Hartford that the rich railroad interests had long had undue influence with the legislature, and were getting bills passed very advantageous to themselves, but wholly unfair and detrimental to the people. Being no politician, but an honest man, Barnum set himself at once to remedy this evil, defeat the railroad interests, and restore justice to the people. He was making a great speech to this effect in the legislature after weeks of determined work to line-up voters against the railroads, a speech intended as his crowning effort to induce the passage of bills that would defeat their unjust schemes, when the following telegram was handed to him:

"American Museum in flames. Its total destruction certain."

Barnum read the telegram containing this terrific news without a sign of discomposure. Then he laid it calmly and coolly on his desk and continued his speech, speaking so logically and eloquently that he carried his point and won the legislation against the railroads. It was not until this was accomplished that he made known the calamity which had befallen him and

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returned to New York. The destruction of the Museum was complete. In a breath had been wiped out the accumulated results of many years of incessant toil. Barnum had lost another fortune. Moreover, he was now fifty-five years old and might well have thought himself too old to start out life anew, but he did no such thing. He set about at once to establish a new American Museum, sending agents all over Europe and America to gather curiosities for him. Thus at the end of four months he was able to open Barnum's New Museum.

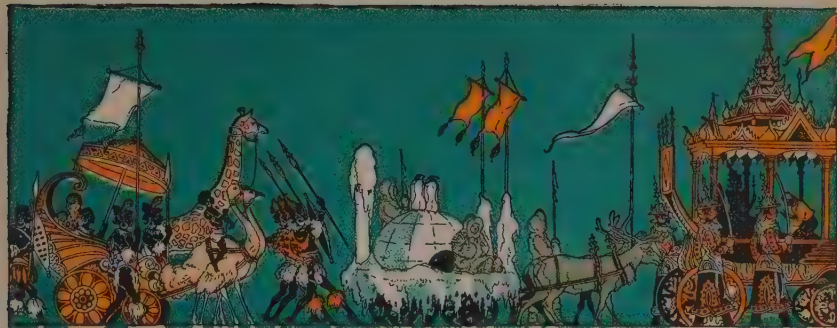
Three years later, Mr. Barnum was sitting with his wife and a guest at breakfast one cold winter morning, and carelessly glancing over the newspaper, when he suddenly read aloud:

"Hello! Barnum's Museum is burned!"

"Yes," said his wife, with an incredulous smile, "I suspect it is."

He had read the announcement so coolly and with so little excitement that his wife and friend did not believe it, and yet it was true. A third disastrous fire had wiped out his new museum. When he returned to New York he found its ruined walls all frozen over with water from the fire hose, the entire front with its ornamental lamp posts and sign one gorgeous framework of transparent ice, that glistened like diamonds in the sun. Despite his loss, Barnum was not too sorrowful to note the beauty of it all.

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Now, at last, the celebrated showman decided to retire from active business and live on the remnant of his fortune. He tried hard to content himself with such a life of leisure, traveling about the United States, hunting buffalo with General Custer on the plains of Kansas, and for several years endeavoring in every way to amuse himself. But this experience only showed him that a life of inactivity was absolutely unendurable. He decided conclusively, once and for all, that the only true rest is to be found in useful activity, and by 1870 he had bigger plans than ever.

He now determined to devote himself entirely to a great traveling circus, far larger and better than anything that had ever been done before. On this circus he labored unremittingly, confident that if he devoted his best energies to the public, the public would liberally repay him. Perceiving that his show was too gigantic to be moved in the old way by wagons, he now for the first time arranged with railroads to transport it, using seventy freight cars, six passenger cars, and three engines. The circus was a tremendous success. People crowded to the various places of exhibition, coming not only from the towns where the show was held, but from neighboring towns as well, some on excursion trains, and some by wagons or on horseback, often camping out over night.

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Two years later, on the day before Christmas, Barnum was sitting at breakfast in a hotel, thinking comfortably how he had arranged for his circus to be shown in New York in order that his vast host of men should not be thrown out of employment during the winter, when once again a telegram was handed him saying that a fourth fire had completely destroyed this circus. This time Barnum had no thought of giving up again.

"There need be," said he, "no real misfortunes in the world, since even that which seems an overwhelming misfortune can be turned into an opportunity for rising to greater accomplishments."

Therefore he merely interrupted his breakfast long enough on this occasion to go out and send immediate cables to his European agents to duplicate all his animals within two months. He then went back and finished his meal.

By the first of April he placed on the road a combination of curiosities and marvels far surpassing anything that he had ever done before.

But great as this circus was, Barnum was never satisfied to rest on his laurels. He aimed to do something greater still. In 1874 while he still continued the traveling circus, he opened in New York a great Roman Hippodrome. This gorgeous spectacle began every evening with a Congress of Nations, a grand procession of gilded chariots and triumphal cars, conveying Kings, Queens and Emperors, each surrounded by his respective retinue, and all in costumes made with the greatest care to be historically correct. This vast pageant contained nearly one thousand persons and several hundred horses, beside elephants, camels, llamas, ostriches, elands, zebras and reindeer. The rich and varied costumes, armor and trappings, gorgeous banners and paraphernalia, as well as the appropriate music accompanying the entrance of each nation, produced an effect at once brilliant and bewildering. The entire press said that never before since

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the days of the Caesars had there been so grand and interesting a public spectacle.

Most of Mr. Barnum's competitors in the circus field in those early days were men of very inferior aims and abilities, content with poor, even vulgar shows, aiming only to make money, and inspired with little of that desire to give the best and finest entertainment possible, which made Mr. Barnum so different from the others. But in 1880 he found a rival worthy of his mettle in the person of Mr. James A. Bailey. The very moment that Mr. Barnum perceived Mr. Bailey to be a man with the same big aims and ambitions as himself, as well as the same solid business sense, far from feeling any jealousy and trying to drive him out of the field, he entered at once into negotiations with him and took him into partnership. This partnership with Bailey lasted throughout the remainder of Barnum's life. They opened their combined show with a street parade by night in New York, all beautifully illumined by calcium lights.

This huge circus now had its own cars when it traveled. No longer were the trains hired as of old from the railways. Advance agents and advertising cars, gorgeous with paint and gilding, containing paste vats, posters and a force of men, would pass through the country weeks ahead of the circus, pasting up the billboards and arousing the interest of the community. The circus itself was packed up in the smallest possible space, its men trained with military promptitude and precision to work like clockwork and make every move count in erecting or taking down the huge canvas city. The performers slept in their cars and ate in the canvas dining tent. Hundreds of men were employed and the expenses of the concern were four or five thousand dollars a day.

One of the most interesting feats of Barnum's later years was the purchase of Jumbo, the largest elephant ever seen. Jumbo was the chief ornament of the Zoological Gardens in London, and

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a great favorite with Queen Victoria whose children and grandchildren were among the thousands of British youngsters who had ridden on Jumbo's back. Mr. Barnum never supposed that Jumbo could be purchased, nevertheless he made a liberal offer for him to the Superintendent of the Gardens and his offer was accepted. When it became publicly known that Jumbo had been sold and was to depart for America, a great hue and cry was raised in England. Newspapers talked of Jumbo before all the news of the day, and children wrote supplicating letters to the superintendent begging that he be retained. Nevertheless, the superintendent persisted and Jumbo had to go.

When the day of his departure arrived there came a great tug-of-war. As the agents tried to remove Jumbo, Alice, another elephant who had been for sixteen years Jumbo's companion and was called in fun his "wife," grew so excited that her groans and trumpetings frightened all the other beasts in the Zoo who set up such howlings and roarings as were heard a mile away. Midst such a grievous farewell, Jumbo was led forth into the street. But when the great beast found himself in such unfamiliar surroundings there awoke in his breast that timidity which is so marked a feature of the elephant's character. He trumpeted with alarm and turned to reënter the garden only to find the gates of his paradise closed. Thereupon he straightway lay down on the pavement and would not budge an inch. His cries of fright sounded to the uninitiated like cries of grief and attracted a huge crowd of sympathizers, many of them in tears.

Persuasion had no effect in inducing Jumbo to rise and force was not permitted, for Mr. Barnum always insisted strictly that his animals be governed by kindness, not by cruelty. And indeed it would have been a puzzle what force to apply to so huge a creature as Jumbo. In dismay Mr. Barnum's agent sent him the following cable: "Jumbo has lain down in the street and won't get up. What shall we do?"

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Barnum immediately replied: "Let him lie there a week if he wants to. It is the best advertisement in the world."

After twenty-four hours, however, the gates of the garden were reopened and Jumbo permitted to go in again. Barnum's agents now decided to take the huge beast in another way. A great cage on wheels was provided and moved up close to the door of Jumbo's den. When the elephant had been induced to enter the cage the door was closed and the cage was dragged by twenty horses to a waiting steamer where quarters had been prepared for Jumbo by cutting away one of the decks. Thus he was brought to America, and later Mr. Barnum acquired Alice likewise.

In 1884 Mr. Barnum got the rarest specimen of all his zoo, a royal sacred white elephant from Burmah. The animal was not pure white as had been supposed in Europe, but was grayish. No European monarch had ever succeeded in getting one of these elephants into a Christian country, for the Siamese and Burmese people believed that if a sacred white elephant left their country some dire misfortune would come upon them. Barnum's agents many months before had purchased a white elephant, but on the eve of its departure, its attendant priests gave it poison rather than permit it to fall into Christian hands.

Finally, however, after three years of patient persistence, diplomacy and tact, as well as an outlay of a quarter of a million dollars, Barnum succeeded through his agents in getting from King Theebaw at Mandalay in Burmah, the sacred white elephant, Tounge Taloung. He came to America in all his gorgeous trappings, accompanied by a Burmese orchestra and a retinue of Buddhist priests in full ecclesiastical costume.

Mr. Barnum built for his great show enormous winter quarters at Bridgeport. A ten acre lot was enclosed and in this enclosure numerous buildings were constructed. There was an elephant house, kept heated at just the right temperature naturally re-

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quired by these animals, where thirty or forty elephants could be luxuriously housed and trained; another building held lions, tigers and leopards, which require a different temperature, and still another housed camels and caged animals. The monkeys had roomy quarters all to themselves where they could roam about and work their mischievous will unrestrained. The hippopotami and sea-lions had a huge pond heated by steam pipes, and here the elephants also were permitted their supreme enjoyment, a bath. There was a nursery department for the receipt and care of new-born animals, and in the various buildings many of the beasts were permitted to leave their cages and frolic at large.

In 1887, when Barnum was fast asleep in the middle of the night, a telegram arrived, stating that a fifth great fire had totally destroyed these splendid winter quarters. His wife awoke him at two o'clock in the morning and told him of the telegram.

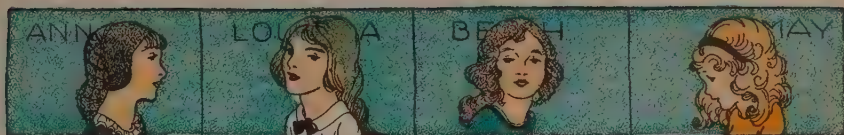
"I am very sorry, my dear," he said calmly, "but apparent evils are often blessings in disguise. It is all right." And with that he rolled back into his original comfortable position and in three minutes was once again fast asleep.

Barnum was now seventy-seven years old, but with the help of his partner, Mr. Bailey, he rose as triumphant from this last fire as from all the others and soon had a better circus than ever. To the end of his days his energy, pluck and healthy ambition gave the people a better, completer and cleaner performance than has ever been given by any other showman. With his kindly face beaming, he often said:

"To me there is no picture so beautiful as ten thousand smiling, bright-eyed, happy children, no music so sweet as their clear, ringing laughter. That I have had power, year after year, by providing innocent amusement for the little ones, to create such pictures, to evoke such music, is my proudest and happiest reflection."

Autobiography of Phineas T. Barnum

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Little Women

*LOUISA MAY ALCOTT (*American*, 1832-1888)

IN THE historic old town of Concord, Massachusetts, there lived once a strong, sturdy, jolly girl named Louisa Alcott. Louisa's home was a shabby, dingy old house, but it was full of simple happiness, and its four bare walls rang often with shouts of merry laughter; for Louisa had the tenderest, most loving mother imaginable, a wise, devoted father and three lively sisters, Anna, Beth and May. Over the hills behind old Concord, whence the green meadows swept away to meet the golden sunset, and down by the rush-bordered river that went slowly meandering through the town, the little girls loved to romp and play.

They weren't very well off, so far as money goes, those Alcotts. Mr. Alcott was a school teacher with an immense love for children and a beautiful way of teaching them, but he believed very earnestly that people should lead simpler, truer, more useful lives than they do, and his opinions as to how they should set about doing this were so different from those held by others, that men laughed at him and said he was odd and would not send their children to his school. Moreover, he said plainly that the owning of slaves was wrong, and this made him still more unpopular in an age when, even in the North, men were not ready at all to agree with him. So he found it very difficult indeed to get along. But Mr. Alcott was the sort of man who was always loyal to the best ideals he knew and would cling to them with his whole strength, no matter what it cost him.

**Read the LIFE OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT by Belle Moses*

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Shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Alcott stood his brave wife, always upholding him, working day and night with her capable hands to make his burdens lighter, cooking, sewing, cleaning. And in spite of all the hard work she did, she was never too tired to be gay and jolly and interested in all that interested her daughters. So the four little girls were brought up from their infancy in a world of simple living and high thinking. They had plenty of joyous, carefree fun in which both mother and father joined, but they began to understand very early the necessity for being useful and bearing their share in the household tasks. Thus, though the house where they lived was poor and shabby, it was very rich in love and loyalty and simple homey joys.

Louisa was a strong, active, handsome girl with blue eyes and a perfect mane of heavy chestnut hair. She could run for miles and miles and never get tired and she was as sturdy as a boy. Indeed, her mother used sometimes to call her Jo in fun and say that Jo was her only son. Jo loved to climb trees and leap fences, run races and roll hoops, and when she was not playing with her sisters she liked best to play with boys. But beside all these lively sports, Louisa liked, too, to curl herself up in a chair and read or study. Sometimes she would go off alone into the garret, taking a pile of apples with her and her favorite book. There she would read and munch away in happy solitude. All day long she had interesting thoughts and often she made up stories with which she held her sisters spell-bound.

On occasion, little Louisa could be a turbulent miss and her high spirits often led her into paths of strange adventure. Once, when she was very small and lived in Boston, she ran away from home and spent the day with some Irish children. They shared a very poor and very salty dinner with her, after which they all went to play in the nice, dirty, ash heaps. Late in the afternoon they took a daring trip as far away as Boston Common. When it began to grow dark, however, Louisa's little Irish

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friends deserted her, and there she was left all alone in a strange place, with the dusky shadows deepening and the night lights twinkling out. Then, indeed, she began to long for home, but she hadn't the smallest idea which way to go, and so wandered helplessly on and on. At last, quite wearied out, she sat down on a welcome doorstep beside a friendly big dog. The dog kindly allowed her to use his back for a pillow and she fell fast asleep. From her dreams she was roused by the voice of the town crier who had been sent in search of her by her distracted parents. He was ringing his bell and calling out loudly:

"Lost! Lost! A little girl six years old, in a pink frock, white hat and new green shoes!"

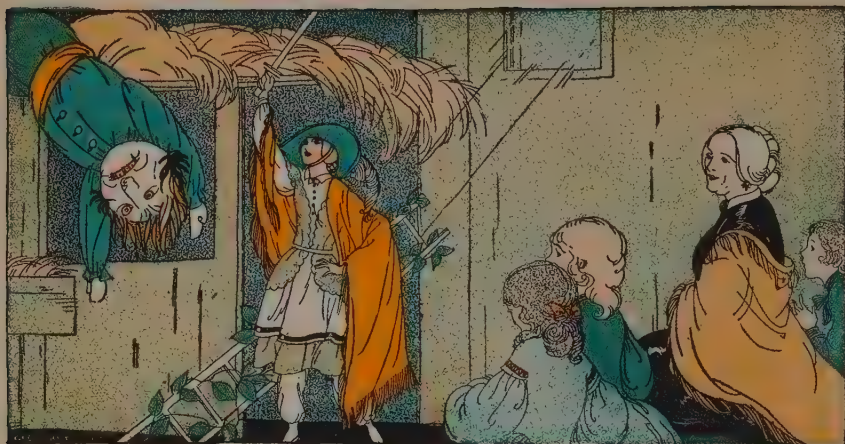
Out of the darkness a small voice answered him, "Why, dat's me!"

Next day the little runaway was tied to the arm of a sofa to cure her of her wandering habit.

When naughty traits of character got the better of Louisa, however, she always suffered intensely in her own little heart for the wrong she had done. In the intervals of working off steam in the liveliest adventures, she was often sadly troubled by her faults. Sometimes, then, she had a little game she would play. She liked to make believe that she was a princess and that her kingdom was her own mind. When she had hateful, self-willed or dissatisfied thoughts, she tried to get rid of these by playing that they were enemies of her kingdom. She would marshal her legions of soldiers and march them bravely against the foe. Her soldiers, she said, were Patience, Duty and Love. With these she fought her battles and drove out the enemy. When she was only fourteen years old she wrote a poem about this:

*A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.*

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Nevertheless, after many a hotly contested battle, she did succeed in taking command and governing her kingdom like a queen.

The house where the four girls lived in Concord had a yard full of fine old trees and a big barn which was their most particular delight. Here they produced many marvelous plays, for Anna and Louisa both had a wonderful talent for acting. They made the barn into a theatre and climbed up on the haymow for a stage, while the grown people who came to see their plays sat on chairs on the floor. One of the children's favorite plays was Jack and the Beanstalk. They had a ladder from the floor to the loft, and all the way up the ladder they tied a squash vine to look like the wonderful beanstalk. When it came to the place in the story where Jack was fleeing from the giant and the giant was hot on his heels, about to plunge down the beanstalk, the girl who took the part of Jack would cut down the vine with a mighty flourish while the audience held their breath. Then, crashing out of the loft to his well-deserved end below, came the monstrous old giant. This giant was made of pillows dressed in a suit of funny old clothes, with a fierce, hideous head made of paper.

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Another play which the children acted was Cinderella. They made a big pumpkin out of the wheelbarrow trimmed with yellow paper. Thus the pumpkin could easily become a golden coach in which Cinderella magnificently rolled away at a single stroke of the fairy godmother's wand. The tale of the foolish woman who wasted her three wishes was illustrated in a way to make the beholders scream with laughter, by means of a pudding which was lowered by invisible hands until it rested upon the poor lady's nose.

The costumes used in these performances were marvelous affairs; for Louisa, Anna and Mrs. Alcott had a wonderful knack for rigging up something out of nothing. A scrap found its use. A bright colored scarf, a table cover, a bit of old lace, a long cloak, a big hat with a plume stolen from some departed bonnet, would afford a regal costume in which to come sweeping on the stage. Furthermore, the children were never at a lack for scenery; for their ready wit was quite capable of providing castles, enchanted forests, caves or ladies' bowers, and barns offered splendid opportunities for a hero or a villain to make desperate but



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safe leaps from the beams, or to sink out of sight at short notice.

There was one other beautiful and much more serious story which the Alcott children loved to play, though they did not give this to an audience in the barn, but played it alone for their own amusement. This story was Pilgrim's Progress, in which the pilgrim, Christian, loaded down with his burden of sins, finds his way through toil and danger from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Their mother used to tie her piece-bags on their backs to represent Christian's burden. Then they would put on broad-brimmed, pilgrim hats, take a stick for a staff and start out on their journey. From the cellar, which was the City of Destruction, they mounted to the housetop where was the Celestial City, and they acted out on the way, in most dramatic form, every step of Christian's upward progress. Sometimes, instead of playing Pilgrim's Progress indoors, they played it out of doors, wandering over the hills behind the house, through the woods and down the lanes.

There could not have been a more beautiful place than Concord for four hearty, simple girls like these to live. It was a typical New England village, quiet and homelike, with its plain, white houses and its shady elm trees, nestling in its circle of peaceful hills. There were no very rich people there and none very poor. The inhabitants were honest and friendly, with simple occupations and amusements and very few worldly ambitions. In the winter the place rang with the happy voices of young people skating on the hardened snow in the pine woods. In the summer the river was alive with gay bathing or boating parties.

Concord was an historic old place, too, with its memories of the first gun-shots of the Revolution, and many a time in the days of the Alcott girls, there were masquerades on the river to celebrate the anniversary of that great event. Gay barges full of historic characters in costume glided down the stream, and sometimes savages in their war-paint darted from the lily-fringed

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river banks to attack the gay masqueraders. Hearty and healthy was the life in Concord, and it produced a fine race of people, among them three, at least, of most remarkable character. These three were Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau, and though these men were much older than Louisa, they were all of them her friends.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of the greatest men in the history of American literature. He was a thinker, a philosopher and a poet, strong, gentle and serene. He had stood by Mr. Alcott when everybody else laughed at him and deserted him, and from her earliest recollections Louisa had adored him. Once she went to school with the little Emersons in their father's barn; for in those days of no public schools, teachers used frequently to gather their pupils together in barns. The illustrious Mr. Emerson was often the children's playfellow. He would pile all the youngsters on a great hay-cart and take them off to picnic or go berrying in the woods. Emerson's friend, Henry Thoreau, who loved the tangled depths of the forests, had once gone off and lived by himself in a hut that he built on the edge of Walden Pond, to prove to himself and others the joy of utterly simple living, close to the heart of Nature. This hut was in a beautiful spot among fragrant pines, and overlooked the clear, green depths of the pond, which Thoreau, from its gleaming expressiveness, called the eye of the earth. About Walden Pond, encircling it everywhere, rose the tall, green hills. To this beautiful spot Emerson used to take the children. He would show them all the places he loved, all the wood people Thoreau had introduced to him, or the wildflowers whose hidden homes he had discovered. So, years later, when the children read Emerson's beautiful poem about the sweet rhodora in the woods, his "burly, dozing bumblebee," or laughed over the fable of the Mountain and the Squirrel, they recognized old friends of these beautiful woodland jaunts and thanked Emerson for the delicate truth and

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beauty he had seen there and helped them to understand.

To the turbulent, restless, half-grown Louisa the calm philosopher, with his gentle ways and practical common-sense, was an anchor indeed. In her warm little heart he was held so sacredly that he himself would have smiled at such worship. She went to him often for advice about her reading, and was at liberty to roam all around the book-lined walls of his library, there to select whatever pleased her most; for Emerson was never too busy to help her.

Hawthorne, too, handsome, shy man that he was, always steering away from the society of grown-ups, had much to do with Louisa and the Concord children. He was always at his best with children, and his stories never failed to hold Louisa spellbound. Doubtless she was one of the children to whom he first told the *Tanglewood Tales* and the stories in the *Wonder Book*. She pored over his books, and love and admiration for him grew with her growth.

Henry Thoreau was the last of those great Concord friends who had such an influence on Louisa's life. From him the Alcott



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girls learned to know intimately the nature they already loved, and many a happy day was spent with him in the woods, studying the secrets of the wildflowers and the language of the birds. It was down by the river that Thoreau was most often to be found. There he would row his boat or paddle his canoe with Indian skill through the many windings, stopping now and then to gather some rare plant from among the grasses on the shore. In his company the girls took long, long walks, even tramping the twenty



miles from Concord to Boston. There was not a single flower or tree that the gentle woodsman did not know; birds, squirrels and insects were his comrades. Hunted foxes would come to him for protection; wild squirrels would nestle in his coat; birds and chipmunks gathered about him as he sat at rest on the river bank; he seemed able even to coax the fishes up to the surface to feed out of his hand. And so for him all Nature had a voice, and the Concord children loved the simple friend who taught them the poetry of the woods.

As Louisa grew up into a tall young girl she began to come into prominence as a story teller. Her nature studies gave her material, and out in the Concord woods she would gather about her the little Emerson children, Ellen, Edith and Edward, and the three Hawthorne children, Una, Julian and Rose, and many another, too. Then, under the spreading branches of some great

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tree, with the sunshine filtering down on her head and lighting up all the eager little faces about her, she would tell stories that made the very woods alive—wood-sprites and water-sprites and fairy queens dancing in and out through the greenery of those cool forest glades.

But in spite of all the delights of Concord, Louisa was beginning to feel the weight of the family troubles. She saw her father struggling day by day, earning a little here and there by the work of his hands when his talents as a teacher were running to waste. She saw her mother carrying burdens too heavy for her and working far too hard. She had always helped her mother as much as she could with the housework, but the greatest need of the household now was for money. A splendid purpose took root in Louisa's heart. She would set out into the world, earn a living, and mend the family fortunes. She would give this dear devoted mother the comforts that had been denied her so long.

Once determined to accomplish this, Louisa never rested. True, she was only a girl, and there were very few lines of activity open to girls in those days. The way seemed dark before her and full of obstacles. But Louisa was never daunted. Full of energy and pluck, she set forth. First she went up to Boston and lived in a wretched little sky-parlor. There she wrote stories for various magazines and papers, taught in a kindergarten and did sewing or anything else that came to her hand. Only one thing mattered to her henceforth, to help her mother, father and sisters. Night and day she worked, never sparing herself, and every penny that she did not absolutely need for the barest necessities of life, she sent home to her mother and father. James Russell Lowell was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in those days and he praised her stories and took them for his magazine. Yet, as the years passed, she wrote nothing that had any very lasting merit. She merely labored unceasingly and earned money enough by her own self-sacrifice to keep her dear ones in greater comfort at home.

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Then one day Louisa's publisher asked her to write a book for girls. Louisa was very worn and weary, and she hadn't the smallest idea that she could really write an interesting book for children. All these years she had written for grown-ups only. But she had never yet said, "I can't" when she was asked to do anything. So in spite of her misgiving she answered the publishers simply, "I'll try."

When she began to think about what she should write, Louisa remembered all the good times she used to have with her sisters in the big, bare house in Concord, out in the old barn, and over the hills. So she began to write the story of *Little Women* and to put in all those things. Besides the jolly times and the plays they had, she put in the sad, hard times too, the work and the worry and the going without things. It was a simple story of simple girls, of their daily struggles, their joys and sorrows, but through it all shone the spirit of that beautiful family affection that the Alcotts knew so well, an affection so strong and enduring that neither poverty, sorrow, nor death could ever mar it. And the little book was so sweet and funny, so sad and real, like human life, that everybody bought it and it brought in a great deal of money for Louisa.

There were Mr. and Mrs. March in the book, true as life to Mr. and Mrs. Alcott, and there were all the four sisters, too. Meg, the capable house-wifely one, was Anna; Jo (the old pet name for Louisa) was Louisa, herself, the turbulent, boyish one, who was always "going into a vortex" and writing stories; Beth was the sweet, sunny little home-body, Lizzie or Beth; Amy was May, the pretty, golden-haired, blue-eyed one, with the artistic tastes, whose pug nose was such a sore trial to her beauty-loving soul that she went about with a clothespin on it to train it into proper lines. There was a real John Brooke, too. He was a portrait of that gentle, kindly, lovable John Pratt, who really married Anna. And Laurie was a mixture of a handsome, pol-

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ished, Polish boy whom Louisa had once met in Europe, and a certain New England lad who was her friend in girlhood. So, many of the good times in *Little Women* are true, and many of the sad times too,—the marriage of Meg and John Brooke, and the death of little Beth.

Louisa was hardly prepared for the immense success of this book. It made her almost rich, and besides that, she suddenly found herself so worshipped and idolized by young people and old alike, that crowds began haunting her path, hanging about the house to get just a glimpse of her—popping up in her way to bow reverently as she went for a walk or a drive, deluging her with flowers, and writing her sentimental verses. All this attention drove Louisa nearly distracted, so she had to run away from it for a year's rest in Europe. But ever after that the children considered Louisa their especial property and she devoted herself henceforth to writing for them entirely. She loved them very dearly, too, boys and girls alike, and no American author has ever held a warmer place than she in the hearts of American young people.

Thus, after so many years of the hardest, most devoted and unselfish labor, Louisa's dream came true. She was able to give her dear family all that they needed and wanted. She bought a comfortable home for them in Concord, she sent May to study art in Europe, she gave her father books, but best of all, she was able at last to give her beloved mother the happiness and rest which she had so nobly earned. Never again did "Marmee" have to do any hard work. She could sit from that time forth in a comfortable chair beside the sunny window, with beautiful work and beautiful things about her. A successful life was Louisa Alcott's, one of toil and effort, indeed, of joy and sorrow, and ceaseless self-sacrifice, but through it all, as through *Little Women*, ran the golden thread of a splendid family love.

LITTLE WOMEN
JACK AND JILL

LITTLE MEN
EIGHT COUSINS

JO'S BOYS
ROSE IN BLOOM

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL
SILVER PITCHERS

T H E L A T C H K E Y



Down by the River Avon

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*English, 1564-1616*)

BYOND Sir Hugh Clopton's noble old stone bridge that spans the Avon with fourteen splendid arches, rise the quaint gables and cathedral spire of Stratford town. In the days of good Queen Bess the houses were ancient plaster buildings crossed with timber and each had at the sides or rear a gay little garden, bright with flowers. In one of the best of those houses on Henley Street lived Master Will Shakespeare, a high spirited lad with a fine, courtly bearing and pleasant hazel eyes. His father, John Shakespeare, once High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford, was a well-to-do merchant, a trader in hides, leather-goods, wool, meats, and goodness knows what besides. His mother, Mary Arden, was a blithe and womanly matron, who shed a warmth of tenderness through the merry, little home circle.

Over in the old, old grammar school, with its jutting second story abutting on the street, Master Will and the other Stratford urchins learned their lessons. There they conned arithmetic, a bit of Latin and Greek, and the precepts of good manners, from six o'clock in the morning till five-thirty in the evening,

Read MASTER SKYLARK, a story of Shakespeare's time, by John Bennett, and WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD, by Imogene Clark.

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and the schoolmaster sitting over them was all too well versed in the use of the birchen rod.

But it was a gay and joyous life, in spite of lessons, that they led in Stratford town. Warwickshire in those days was divided into two well marked divisions by the river Avon. To the south lay the rich green pasture land of Feldon, stretching away to the blue line of the distant Cotswold hills, and dotted here and there by herds of cattle and flocks of snow-white sheep. Amid little clumps of protecting elms nestled cozy homesteads, and past the well tilled fields flowed placid rivers, their limpid waters overhung by alders and silverwillows. To the north of the Avon, however—Ah! there was no cultivated land, but the wild, free forest of Arden, sweeping out over hill and dale for twenty miles, the delight of all boyish hearts. When school time was over, then for Will Shakespeare and the other Stratford boys, it was Heigh the doxy over the dale! We're off for the Forest of Arden!

O, the sweetness of those woodland haunts, the exhilaration and breadth and joy! The boys raced through leafy covert and sunny glade, past giant oaks and tangled thickets, now skipping from stone to stone across the brawling brooks, now cleaving the woodland stillness with their shrill young voices. Sometimes a dappled herd of deer swept away before them across an open lawn or twinkled through the leaves amid the shadowy bracken, while groups of timid rabbits fed here and there on the tender leaves. In the air was the melody of birds, the warble of wren and throstle. Will Shakespeare talked with every keeper and woodsman in the forest till he knew intimately all the ins and outs of that glorious sylvan life and could carol a tirra-lirra with the merriest of the larks.

At times, too, young Will wandered through the picturesque towns and little forest villages round about, past the old gray castles and abbeys that loomed within their parks shut off by

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palings from the wilderness of Arden. Some of these castles had been abandoned and dismantled during the Wars of the Roses. Silent now as the surrounding forest they stood, half ruined, and haunted with shadowy memories of lords and ladies and all the stately revelry that had once held sway within their walls. It was a country full of interest, full of history, full of stirring border legends of the days when the English stood sturdily against the insurgents of Wales. Every hill and stream, every grim old abbey and castle had its heroic tale of long ago.

On market days and fair days there was great excitement in the town itself for Master Will, for Stratford was the center of a famous agricultural and grazing district. On a bright summer's day, Will would rise with the sun and make off from Henley Street to see the countrywomen come in, jogging along on horseback, their panniers laden with chickens, butter and eggs, or to watch the droves of slow oxen come crowding over Clopton Bridge, and the herds of Herefordshire cows, lowing anxiously after their skittish young calves. Then he would follow the cattle to Rother Market, where the cattle dealers gathered about Market Cross, and observe the humors of the ploughman and drovers, scarcely less stolid and deliberate of movement and speech than their oxen.

At the jovial Fair-season, the streets of Stratford were alive with jugglers and minstrels, harpers singing old ballads, and lads and lassies dancing their country measures. At such times it seemed as though the wealth of the world had been dumped into Stratford-town. There in the booths were wheat and wool, cheese and wax, clothes and stout linen napery. Besides all this, there was many a wandering peddler, carrying trinkets and trumpery such as country swains buy for their sweethearts—ribbons and gloves, masks and coifs, stomachers and bracelets.

Not far from Stratford lay the little forest village of Snitterfield, where Will's grandfather and Uncle Henry Shakespeare

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had their farms. Every boundary tree and stone, every pond and sheep-pool, every barn and cattleshed on the way to his Uncle Henry's farm, Will knew by heart, for he dearly loved the place and spent many a happy day there. At Snitterfield Will trotted around after his uncle, poking with eager interest into all the byres and barns and poultry yards. Now and again, from a safe nook on the bushy margin of a pool, he enjoyed the fun and excitement of the sheep washing, or watched the mysteries of the sheep shearing. Then he would remain to the shearing feast, eat the cheese-cakes and warden-pies, and see the young maid who was chosen Queen of the Festival receive her rustic guests and distribute among them her gifts of flowers. Indeed, Will Shakespeare's youth was passed amid the labors and pastimes, the recurring festivals and varying round of a rural community. Each incident of the year, seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, brought its own group of picturesque merry-makings in those forest farms and villages.

The best loved holiday of all was May-day, a spontaneous outburst of joy, a gladsome welcome to the re-awakening life and freshness of the spring. Very early in the morning, before dawn, lads and lassies went out into the woods and brought back branches of trees and garlands of flowers to build leafy bowers and arbors in the streets of the city. Then, with twenty sleek yoke of oxen, each one bearing a nosegay of blossoms on his horns, they dragged home the Maypole, all bound around with flowers. When the Maypole was reared in the center of the city with streamers and banners flying, men, women and children fell to dancing and feasting about it.



Hey ding-a-ding! Sweet lovers love the spring!

On May-day there were the Morris dancers, dancing their jovial measures, and masquerading

A caricature illustration of a man in a green and white checkered shirt, orange pants, and a blue belt, walking with a woman in a green dress. The man has a large nose and is looking back over his shoulder. The woman is wearing a green dress and a white shawl. The signature 'DONN P. CRANE' is visible in the bottom right corner.

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Christmas was merry, too, though it had a deeper note as well befitted the season. The great Yule log, like the Maypole, was dragged in with shouts and music and joyously laid on the hearth. On Christmas Eve, the waits, their noses red from cold, went round from door to door through the snow, singing their carols and hymns,—“As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing.”

The great cross of Stratford was garnished with holly, ivy and bay, and in every household hospitality reigned. The manor house of the Cloptons among the trees overlooking the town, was a-bustle with preparations, its chimneys belching smoke, the sounds of pipe and trumpet issuing from its doors. Long tables were spread for the guests; the master and mistress took their seats at the head of the board with their friends and principal tenants about them; the Boar's head was brought in with solemn ceremony, and the Lord of Misrule with his jovial attendants became the master of the feast. Thereafter was dancing till curfew, then home through the moonlight to Stratford.

So went the joyous round of life in Stratford-town and each recurring holiday brought its own particular mumming and masking and playing of parts, but there were real players, too, sometimes to be seen in the city.

The very oldest form of play loved by the people in England was the miracle or mystery play, presenting some tale from the Bible. At first, long years before Shakespeare's time, these plays had been given in the churches by the clergy, but gradually they had moved out to the church yard. Then the actors had changed from the clergy to citizens, members of the various trade guilds of the towns. Later still they were presented on a pageant cart, which was moved about from place to place, and gave a performance wherever it stopped. The actors would play the story of Noah's flood, or Adam and Eve, or indeed any tale from Creation to the Last Judgment.

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These carts had two stories, an upper one for the stage, and a lower one which was curtained to provide a dressing room for the actors. Over all was a canopy of carved and gilded wood-work cut into battlements and a-flutter with bright-colored banners. Usually men dragged these carts through the streets, but at times they were drawn by horses, and their approach was heralded by jesters and tumblers who ran along before them.

The action of the play took place on the upper platform, but sometimes the actors stepped down into the street, particularly if they wished to present such a scene as the grim and gaping jaws of Hell. This Hell-mouth was the most elaborate and costly theatrical property owned by the trade guilds. It was used in several plays but especially in the Last Judgment,—a huge and grotesque head of canvas with a vast gaping mouth armed with fangs. The jaws were made to open and shut, a light within gave the effect of flames, and whenever the devil carried off a lost soul, there was a great noise in the beast's interior made by the rattling of pans and kettles, while thick smoke issued from his mouth. The making and repairing of this Hell-mouth was a constant expense to the trade guilds, and frequent entries like the following appear in their books of accounts:

Paid for making and painting Hell-mouth.....12 pence

Paid for keeping of fire at Hell-mouth..... 4 pence

Lost souls were dressed in black or yellow to represent flames, saved souls were robed in white. The Devil wore a grizzly mask, was shaggy and beast-like, with horns, cloven feet, and forked tail, and he carried a club with which he laid about him vigorously. He was attended by a company of little demons, their coats covered with horsehair to make them look like awesome monsters. Vice was likewise a constant attendant on the Devil, but he gradually became no more than a mere buffoon or clown to set the crowd a-laughing. Indeed, the plays themselves in time acquired parts that were all too hilarious. Noah's wife

MY BOOK HOUSE



became a comic character, a shrew who laid about her with a cutting tongue and sent the audience into an uproar before she could be dragged off into the ark.

The representative of Jesus wore a gilt wig and a coat of white leather, painted and gilded. King Herod, who was a very important character and blustered about the stage in a manner that became proverbial, was dressed like a Turk and bore a sword and helmet. Herod and Pilate, Cain and Judas, Turks and infidels, as well as the Devil, were favorite characters of these mysteries.

THE LATCH KEY

In time, however, morality plays became even more popular than the mysteries. In the moralities, Bible stories were no longer presented, but all manner of Vices and all manner of Virtues were portrayed as persons who did battle with each other in order to gain possession of man's soul. It was some such performances as these that Will Shakespeare used to see as a boy, though in his day it was customary to draw the pageant cart up in the courtyard of some inn, rather than to leave it in the street. The common people then crowded around it, standing, while the richer ones paid a large fee to have seats in the balconies or windows of the inn that overlooked the yard.

Coventry, a town near Stratford, was one of the chief centers for the production of miracle plays, and Shakespeare must certainly have gone over there at times to see them. Moreover, the various trade guilds, plasterers, tanners, armourers, hosiers, etc., who presented the plays, were in the habit of visiting neighboring cities, and doubtless performed in Stratford.



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When Will was only five years old, his father, then Mayor of Stratford, especially invited to the city some of the real stage players, who made a business of acting and were beginning to replace the old performers of the guilds. Later, the best companies in the kingdom came to Stratford, including the Earl of Leicester's Company from London. So young Will had plenty of opportunity to study the making and presenting of plays, to acquire a deep love for the theatre, and perhaps sometimes even to act himself and make friends with the strolling players.

But now when Will was still little more than a boy, his father began to have business failures and his affairs to go down, down, down in the world. Soon it became necessary for the lad to be taken from school and put to work to help out in his father's business. John Shakespeare had been imprudently extravagant in his prosperity, and now he lost his grip and let himself sink beneath misfortune. He would not go to church, he would not see his friends, he would not show himself at any public meeting. Sweet Mary Arden, however, bore up nobly under their troubles, her spirit as calm and serene in the dark days as it had been in the bright. How the boy loved and admired his mother! All his life long she lived in his heart as the very embodiment of every womanly virtue.

Will sympathized ardently with his parents in their troubles, and was willing to do any kind of work to help them. Moreover, those very troubles awakened his independence and taught him to be scrupulously honorable in his own business dealings with others, a trait which he never forgot. An open, frank, generous young fellow was Will Shakespeare in those days, innately courteous and wholly lovable.

When Will was only eighteen, he was many a day to be seen making off across the fields, with daisies pied, to the little hamlet of Shottery, which lay half concealed by aged elms, its cozy homesteads nestling amid blossoming fruit-trees and brilliant

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gardens. Here in a lovely old cottage, with a quaint thatched roof, lived Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a friend of Will's father, a maid whom he had known all his life. In the garden and through the primrose lanes the two lingered often together, and soon there was news of their wedding.

Boy that he was, Will was only nineteen when his first daughter, Suzanne, was born. Now what was there to do? He had a family on his hands to support and his father's business grew every day worse and worse. Two years later twins were born to him, a boy and a girl, Hamnet and Judith, and then an event occurred which made the young man decide that the only thing for him to do was to be off to London and seek his fortunes there.

He was out hunting one day with some comrades when they pursued a fine deer into Fullbroke Park, or perhaps across the shallow ford of the river to Charlecote Park. Now Charlecote Park was the property of a sour and gloomy old Puritan, Sir Thomas Lucy, a man of aristocratic pride and narrowness who hated all youthful frolics and merriment. Just as they had killed the buck, the youths fell in with one of Sir Thomas's keepers, who insisted violently that they had no right to hunt where they were and accused them of being deer-stealers. Master Will defended himself right spiritedly against the charge, indeed it is even said that he posted certain none too respectful placards on Sir Thomas Lucy's gate. Sir Thomas in high dudgeon complained to the authorities in Stratford. These honorable gentlemen, fearing to offend so rich and powerful a man, doubtless let it be known to Will that it would be better for him to leave town for a time. Accordingly, behold young Will, bidding his wife and babes farewell and off for London town.

It was about 1585 or 1587 when Will Shakespeare arrived in London. In those days players were just beginning to be recognized as respectable folk. Heretofore, they had been looked down upon as wandering, beggarly fellows. Certain writers of education,

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such as Greene and Peele and Marlowe, had been among the first to think the writing of plays a vocation worthy of their dignity, and were turning out dramas vastly more like our modern ones than the old moralities and mysteries. Ten years before, Queen Elizabeth had given the Earl of Leicester's players the first legal permit to act in certain places in London, and James Burbage, the leader of these players, had built *The Theatre* at Shoreditch, just outside the boundaries of the city, for mayor and common council still frowned darkly on the presentation of plays within the sacred precincts of the town.

In building his theatre, Burbage took his plan from the old courtyards of the inns where it had been customary to draw up the pageant carts. The square yard where poorer people stood, became the pit of the theatre, the pageant cart the stage, the balconies whence the wealthier class had looked on, the gallery or boxes. The stage and galleries were the only part of the building covered, which was none too comfortable for the people in the pit if a sudden storm came pelting down.

It was at *The Theatre* that Master Will first found occupation by holding the horses of the gaily dressed young gallants who attended the performances. There he stood before the door in all kinds of weather, with Hey, ho, the wind and the rain! But he soon advanced from this work to acting. Then he began to write over faulty old plays, and at last he took to writing splendid new dramas of his own. In a very short time he had surpassed all the dramatists of his day, Greene and Peele and Marlowe, and held the foremost place in the hearts of the play-going public.

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Many a time in those days, however, amid the noise and babble of London, there flashed upon his inward eye, quiet pictures of willows "growing aslant a brook," of orchards when "the moon tips with silver all the fruit tree tops." Many a time he thought of the blue-veined violets, the cowslips and ladies-smocks that grew in the meadows by the Avon. He heard again the "throstle with his note so true, the wren with little quill," and the very notes of those songsters warbled their way into the music of his words. Indeed, he carried the meadows of the Avon, the forest of Arden, the sunburnt sicklemen and merry maidens of his homeland with him to London, and these came forever glancing out here and there in his plays. Aye, his home on the Avon was the beacon that loomed ever before him, beckoning, and the craving always lived in his heart for his beautiful native heath.

But, withal, young Will kept his head marvelously well in spite of his success, and he avoided the wild dissipations that were ruining his fellow-dramatists, though he loved life and mirth as well as any and had no smallest trace of harshness in



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his blithe and genial nature. He worked hard, studying at French and Italian in his spare time, saving money for his family and making visits every year to his beloved Stratford.

He was first a member of the Earl of Leicester's players which later became the Lord Chamberlain's Company and the favorite company of the Queen. All the players in London in those days, save for certain bands of children, were divided into two companies, the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's, and many a time they went to perform before Queen Bess herself.

The theatres where Shakespeare's plays were given were *The Globe* erected outside the city, and *Blackfriar's* which was practically in the town. The actors played at *The Globe* in summer and at *Blackfriar's* in the winter. *Blackfriar's* was completely roofed in and lit by torchlight so performances could be given there in the evening, but at *The Globe* the pit was uncovered and performances were only given by day.

The common people had a merry time standing in the pit, munching apples and nuts, jostling and chaffing good-naturedly under the open sky, while the fine ladies and gentlemen, who did not wish to mingle with these "groundlings," had their own boxes in the covered balconies, the ladies occupying the seats, the gentlemen reclining at their feet. If they chose, they played cards during the performance and there were always pages ready to attend upon their needs. Whoever paid extra could sit upon the stage itself. There was no scenery on that stage and a simple printed placard announced the name of the place where the scene was supposed to be laid. Women's parts were taken by men. It was not until long after Shakespeare's time that women appeared on the stage. The hoisting of a flag and the blowing of a trumpet bade all be still to hear the play.

What an age of awakened national life and stirring spirit was that of good Queen Bess, when the minds of men had burst the

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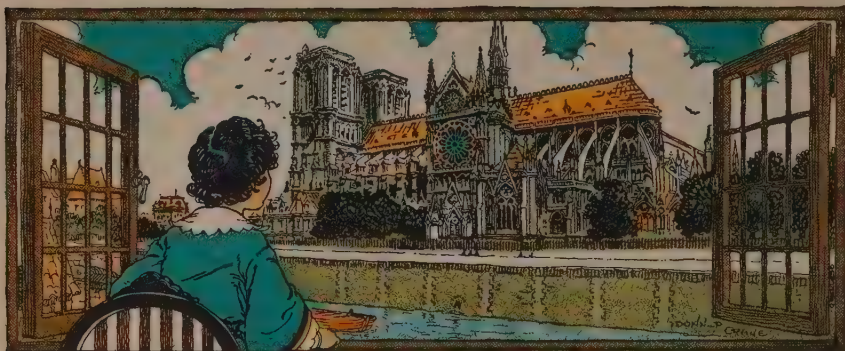
bonds of the Dark Ages and were eagerly inquiring and adventuring everywhere. Along the river side and in noble houses on the Strand were the hardy mariners and adventurous sea captains, Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, who had driven their dauntless keels fearlessly into the unknown seas of the new world, in order to push back the limits of man's knowledge. The greater number of eager and excited listeners who crowded the rude theatres from floor to roof had shared the adventurous exploits of the age and felt the keenest interest in life and vivid action. So the drama of the day became the mirror in which all these active forces were reflected.

But, besides the Americas, there was another new world which men were most anxious to explore in that age of awakened inquiry, that is, the world of human nature, heretofore left so little questioned and understood. All the traits and impulses of that nature, good and bad, its high hopes and aspirations, its fears and sorrows, its bigness and its littleness,—there was need of a map to point them all out. Into that unknown sea sailed the intrepid mariner, Shakespeare, and he charted it in his mighty dramas as none other has ever done, the great Columbus of the newly discovered world of man's heart and mind and spirit.

For twenty years he worked actively in London, twenty long years, but at last a great wave of home-yearning called him back forever to the primrose lanes of Stratford. He had already bought a fine house there for his family, and here he settled down, to spend his remaining years in peace and quiet, honored and loved by all. No other man ever knew the hearts of men and women as Shakespeare did. He still remains the greatest dramatist of all ages and all races, who wrote "not for an age but for all time."

Read TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE by Charles and Mary Lamb.

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Adventures in Old Paris

JACQUES-ANATOLE THIBAUT (*Anatole France*) 1844-1924

IT was in a house on a sleepy old quay near the river Seine that little Anatole lived. From his casement window he could look out on the great gray palace of the Louvre, the tall towers of Notre Dame and all the beauty of old Paris with its jewels of carven stone. Below him flowed the river, spanned by nobly arching bridges. By day it mirrored the sky and bore boats on its bosom; by night it decked itself with jewels and sparkling flowers of light.

Now that was what lay outside Anatole's windows, but inside the house it was a different world altogether. Little Anatole slept on a cot in a big room with green-sprigged wall-paper. By day the cot stood in a corner, but at night his mother used to move it into the middle of the room, in order that it might be nearer her own great bed.

Putting Anatole to bed was quite a performance. Entreaties, tears and kisses all had to be gone through. Nor was this the whole of the matter. When he had everything off but his shirt, he would dart away like a young rabbit, till at length his mother

Told from the autobiographical material in MY FRIEND'S BOOK, LITTLE PIERRE, PIERRE NOZIERE and THE BLOOM OF LIFE.

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would catch hold of him beneath a piece of furniture and lay him in his cot. It was fine fun.

But no sooner had he lain down than the most extraordinary adventures befell him. The strangest individuals, people whom his family knew nothing about, began to move in procession all about him. They were misshapen, hump-backed, crooked little personages, clad in very antique fashion. They had bandy legs, fat little bellies, bristling moustaches, and huge noses all blossoming with warts. One after another they came into the room, showing themselves in profile against the wall, each with one goggle eye in the middle of his cheek, and they were armed with brooms, skewers, guitars, squirts, and other remarkable household instruments.

Such ugly little monsters had no business to show themselves, but, at least, they swept noiselessly along the wall, and not one



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of them, not even the littlest and the last, who had a pair of bellows sticking out behind him, ever so much as took a step towards Anatole's bed. It was clear that some power held them to the walls across which they glided. This reassured Anatole a little, but he never went to sleep. You can imagine one would not care to close one's eyes in such company as that, and so, of course, Anatole kept his wide open the whole night through. And yet here is another marvel. He would suddenly find the room flooded with sunlight, and no one in it but his mother in her pink dressing-gown, and he could not for the life of him imagine how the night and the weird folk had vanished.

"What a boy you are to sleep!" his mother would say with a laugh.

One evening while the lamp was still burning, Anatole's father came and stood by his bed, smiling at him, taking hold of his hand, and humming a little nursery rhyme—"I've got a cow to sell." Anatole was already half asleep but he did not see any cow, so he inquired like a sensible little boy, "Papa, where is the cow you've got to sell?" The next moment, however, he saw the cow. It was a tiny creature all red and white and it stood in the hollow of his father's hand. It was lively and spirited, too, frisking and skipping about and so much alive that its breath was warm and it smelt of the cow-shed.

But perhaps, after all, Anatole was dreaming when he saw the cow in his father's hand.

So long as he could not read, newspapers had a mysterious attraction for Anatole. He would watch his father spread out those big sheets covered all over with mysterious little black signs, and then read from those signs, tidings of crimes, disasters, adventures, of Napoleon Bonaparte escaping from the fort of Ham, of Tom Thumb dressed up like a general. And it seemed to him like magic. Moreover, Anatole's nurse, who invented all sorts of secret devices to make a better boy of him, used to pre-

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tend that she had discovered in the newspaper under "Paris Day by Day" an account of Anatole's own conduct on the day before.

"Yesterday," she would read, "little Anatole Thibault was naughty and would not do as he was told in the Jardin des Tuileries; but he has promised not to behave badly any more."

Now Anatole was wide enough awake when he was two years old, to feel a certain difficulty in believing that he was really mentioned in the newspapers like the Mister Duchesne who fell off a roof, or the Mister So-and-So, who picked up a purse and took it to the police. He noticed that his nurse who could read the news of the day quite readily, used to stammer in the most singular manner when she came to the items which had to do with himself. He was, therefore, obliged to suspect that they were not printed in the paper at all, but that she used to make them up as she went along without being quite equal to the task. Nevertheless, it was not without a pang that he gave up the glory of having his name in print. He preferred rather to believe that perhaps, after all, it was really there in the little black signs on the paper.

In those days, Anatole held that the Quai Malaquais on which his room looked out, was the centre of the world. According to his theory, the earth lay spread out in a wide circle round about his own home. Day by day, he used to see people passing to and fro in the streets. There seemed to be a great number of them—more than a hundred, perhaps. And they seemed to be going about down there as part and parcel of some great spectacular show. Truth to tell, he did not look on them as being quite so real as himself. He was not thoroughly convinced that they had any flesh and blood existence at all, and when he gazed down on them from his window and saw what tiny little things they looked as they made their way across the bridge, he thought them more like toys than men and women. Thus he was nearly as happy as the baby giant in the story who sits on a mountain

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and plays with the pine trees and the chalets, the cows and the sheep, the shepherds and shepherdesses. In brief, he held the world to be a big box of toys, the sort of thing they make at Nuremberg, the lid of which is shut down every night when all the nice little men and all the nice little women have been carefully packed up within.

In the third year of his age, and in the eighteenth and last of the reign of Louis Philippe, King of France, Anatole's greatest pleasure in life was going for walks. His mother, taking his hand in hers, would lead him along the streets of the city with their countless sounds and throngs of passers, and when she had any purchases to make, she would take him with her into the shops.

These shops seemed to him to be unsurpassable in extent and splendor. They seemed immense and full of treasures. It was there, perhaps, that he acquired that love for sumptuous things which never left him. The sight of the stuffs, the carpets, the embroideries, the feathers, the flowers threw him into a kind of ecstasy, and with his whole soul he used to admire those affable gentlemen and gracious young ladies who smilingly offered these marvels to hesitating customers. When an assistant who was serving his mother, measured out some cloth by means of a yard stick fixed horizontally to a copper rod hanging from the ceiling, it seemed to Anatole that his calling was splendid and his destiny glorious.

Then there were the tailor shop and the grocer shop, and, best of all, the house of Debeauve and Gallais, chocolate-makers to the Kings of France. Whenever Anatole went into that shop, he felt as though he were entering a fairy palace. The windows were high and arched; there were glass cabinets and long mirrors about, and the far end of the room was rounded like a little temple, with the semi-circular counter following the curve of the room. There sat certain young ladies in black gowns, while in their midst a lady of riper years made entries in registers and

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handled pieces of money. On either side of her, other young ladies were busily engaged, some in covering the cakes of chocolate with a thin metal leaf of silvery brightness, others in enveloping these same cakes, two at a time, in white paper wrappers with pictures on them and then sealing these wrappers with wax which they heated in the flames of a little tin lamp.

When Anatole's mother had completed her purchases, the matron who presided over this assembly of wise virgins extracted from a crystal bowl that stood beside her, a chocolate drop which she offered him with a watery smile. And this solemn gift, more than anything else, made him love and admire the establishment of Messrs. Debeauve and Gallais, chocolate-makers to the Kings of France.

Being fond of all that had to do with shops, it was quite natural that when he got home, Anatole should try to imitate in his games the scenes he had seen. Thus he became, all to himself, in turns a tailor, a grocer, a fancy-goods man and, no less readily, a dressmaker and a chocolate salesman.

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Now it befell one evening in the little drawing-room with the rosebud wall-paper, where his mother was sitting with her needle-work in her hand, that he was applying himself with more assiduity than usual to the task of imitating the fair ladies of Messrs. Debeauve and Gallais' establishment. Having collected as many pieces of chocolate as he could lay hands on, together with some bits of paper and even some fragments of silver paper, considerably the worse for wear, he seated himself in his little chair.

All of this paraphernalia represented in his eyes the elegant semi-circle of the chocolate shop. Being an only child, accustomed to amuse himself, and always deep in some day dream, it was easy enough for him to summon up to his imagination the absent shop with its panelling, its glass cabinets, its mirrors and even the purchasers flocking thither in crowds,—women, children and old men,—so great was his power to evoke at will both scenes and actors. He had no difficulty in enacting all in his own small person, the young lady customers, the young demoiselles of the counter and the highly respectable dame who kept the books and looked after the cash. He could change his nature at will. But then, he had long been capable of assuming the strangest and most extraordinary shapes whenever he chose. He could become by magic a King, a dragon, a demon, a fairy, nay, he could even change himself into an army or a river, a forest or a mountain. What he was attempting that evening was therefore a mere trifle and offered no difficulty whatever. And so he wrapped up and he sealed and he served customers without number—women, children and old men. Filled with the idea of his own importance, he spoke very curtly to his imaginary companions, chiding their slowness, and taking them unmercifully to task for their mistakes. But when it came to playing the part of the aged and respectable dame who had charge of the cash, he became suddenly embarrassed. He had seen the old dame open her drawers and stir the money about but he had not the smallest idea what

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she really was doing with it. In this crisis, he left the shop and went to ask his dear mamma to clear up the point.

Kneeling down at his mother's feet,—she was embroidering a handkerchief in her deep easy chair—he asked:

“Mamma, in the shops, is it the people who sell or the people who buy that pay the money?”

His mother looked at him in wide-eyed surprise, raised her eyebrows and smiled at him without replying. Then she grew thoughtful. At that moment his father came into the room.

“What do you think Anatole has just asked me?” she said. “You will never guess. He wants to know whether it is the people who buy or the people who sell that pay the money!”

“Oh, the little duffer!” said his father.

“It's not just ordinary childish ignorance, that,” said his mother. “It's a sign of character. Anatole will never learn the value of money.”

His dear mother in those words had read his character aright. It was never given to Anatole to understand the world's valuation of money.

Every day when lunch was over, little Anatole's nurse went up to her attic, tied the strings of her white lace bonnet before her glass, wrapped her little black shawl across her chest and fastened it with a pin. Then she took him out for a walk. Sometimes they went to the Tuileries, sometimes to the Luxemburg. When the weather was mild and fine they went as far as the Zoological Gardens. Often, too, they walked down the Champs-Élysées, that long avenue bravely bordered by shops, where men sold gingerbread, sticks of barley sugar, penny whistles and paper kites. There were goat carriages, too, and merry-go-rounds with wooden horses revolving to the sound of the steam organ, and Guignol, in his theatre, doing battle with the Devil. The Arch of Triumph seemed to little Anatole the end of the known world. He was quite certain in his own mind that China



lay just beyond it, but he could never get his nurse to take him so far.

Sometimes as they walked they would find themselves on dirty wharves with cranes busily unloading cargoes of stone, while on the towing path horses tugged away at heavy barges. Scene followed scene, landscape succeeded landscape.

Now little Anatole had not yet learned to read. He was still going about in baby knickerbockers, and he cried when his nurse wiped his nose. Nevertheless, he was consumed with a thirst for glory. Yes, at the very tenderest age he was possessed by a longing to win immediate renown and to live on eternally in the memory of mankind. His mind was exercised as to the best means to accomplish this end, even as he played with his soldiers

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on the dining room table. Had he been able he would have gone forth to win undying glory on the battlefield. But it was not given him to possess a horse, a uniform, a regiment and enemies, and all these things are needful to military glory. It therefore occurred to him that he would become a saint. His mother was a devout woman, and her piety—gentle and grave like herself, deeply impressed him. She often read him passages from the Lives of the Saints. He listened with delight and his heart was filled with awe and admiration. Accordingly, remembering the example of St. Simeon Stylites, who spent his life on a pillar, he climbed up on top of the kitchen cistern intending to live there.

But alack, the cook promptly pulled him down!

Though he had been thus ousted from his cistern, he pursued with undiminished ardor the way of perfection, and next decided to imitate St. Nicholas of Patras who gave all his riches to the poor. His father's study window looked out on the quay, and from it he proceeded to fling down a dozen coppers or so which had been presented to him because they were new and bright. These he followed up with marbles, humming tops, whip-top and eel-skin whip.

"The child is crazy!" exclaimed his father as he shut the window.

Anatole felt angry and mortified at hearing this judgment passed upon himself. But he remembered that his father was not, like himself, a saint.

Nothing daunted, he next determined to afflict himself like the brothers of St. Francis by wearing a hair shirt next his skin. To accomplish this he pulled the hair padding out of an old arm chair and stuffed it down his back. But here fresh trouble awaited him, for the cook came in and caught him in the act, and seeing merely that he had damaged an arm-chair without seeking the hidden motive, she whipped him in sheer ignorance.

Looking back over these painful incidents Anatole at length

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came to the conclusion that it was very difficult to be a saint with one's people about one. He understood how it was that St. Anthony and St. Jerome had gone forth into the desert among the lions and the Satyrs, and he resolved to withdraw the very next day into a hermitage. He selected as his place of retirement the maze in the Zoological Gardens. There it was that he made up his mind to live a life of contemplation, attired after the manner of St. Paul the Hermit, in a mantle of palm-leaves.

"In this garden," thought he, "there will be roots which will serve me for food. There, too, a hut is to be found on a summit of a mountain. In this spot I shall live amid all the beasts of creation."

Anatole's resolve will seem less strange when it is explained that for a long time past, the Zoological Gardens had been a place hallowed in his eyes as the earthly paradise, pictures of which he used to look at in his old illustrated Bible.

"The Garden of Eden," his mother had told him, "was a very pleasant place with beautiful trees and all the animals of creation in it." Now the Zoological Gardens tallied exactly with the Garden of Eden as depicted in his Bible, and as his mother had described it to him, save that the animals had been confined behind iron bars as the result of the progress of civilization and the loss of innocence. And the Angel who guarded the entrance with flaming sword had given place to a soldier in red breeches. It did not even shock Anatole to behold nursemaids in his Paradise and soldiers and cocoa-nut sellers. On the contrary, he felt happy at being near these lowly folk.

So Anatole fell asleep fully resolved to go and dwell in this garden, in order that he might become meritorious and achieve equality with the saints. Next morning his resolution was firm as ever and he disclosed the matter to his mother. She began to laugh.

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"Whatever put it into your head to become a hermit and dwell in the Jardin des Plantes?" she asked, combing his hair and laughing all the while.

"I want to be famous," said Anatole, "to be able to put on my visiting cards 'Jacques-Anatole Thibault, Hermit and Saint of the Calendar,' just as father has on his, 'Noel Thibault, Secretary of the Anthropological Society.' "

At this his mother dropped the comb with which she was combing his hair and cried: "Anatole! Anatole! how foolish and how wicked!"

Then, turning to his father, she said:

"You heard that? He is seven and he wants to be a celebrity."

"My dear," replied his father, "mark my words, when he is twenty, he will have grown sick of fame."

And his father was right. When little Anatole grew up he cared no more about glory than that merry old King of Yvetot who had himself crowned with a night cap.

One day, a bright shiny day when the sparrows were twittering on the housetops, Anatole was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to do something out of the ordinary, something that should, if possible, partake of the nature of the miraculous. The means at his disposal for the carrying out of such an enterprise, were very limited. Having an idea that he might discover something to the purpose in the kitchen, he went there and found the room glowing, fragrant and empty. Just as she was going to dish up lunch, Mélanie the old cook, had gone off in her usual fashion to the grocer's or the fruiterer's for some herb or grain she had forgotten.

On the stove stood a sizzling casserole of jugged hare. At the sight of it, Anatole was seized with a sudden inspiration. He took the jugged hare off the fire and went and hid it in the cupboard where the brooms were kept. This move was successfully carried out save that four fingers of his right hand and both

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his knees were burnt, his face was scorched, his pinafore, stockings and shoes were entirely spoilt, and three-fourths of the sauce with some pieces of bacon and a lot of little onions were upset all over the floor.

Having accomplished this much, little Anatole rushed away to fetch the Noah's Ark his aunt had given him for Christmas, and poured all the animals it contained into a magnificent copper saucepan which he put on the stove in place of the hare.

This fricassee very pleasantly recalled to his mind what he had learned from picture books of the giant Gargantua. For if the giant spitted a whole ox at one time on his fork, here was little Anatole, greater still, compounding a dish of all the animals in creation from the elephant and the giraffe down to the butterfly and the grasshopper. He reveled in anticipation over the amazement that would be Mélanie's when she, good, simple soul, thinking to find the hare which she had prepared, discovered in its stead, the lion and the lioness, the he-ass and the she-ass, the elephant and his lady—in a word all the animals that had been saved from the flood, not omitting Noah and his family whom he stewed up with the rest. But the thing did not turn out as he had hoped.

Soon a most intolerable smell proceeded from the kitchen, a smell wholly unexpected by little Anatole. His mother, coughing and choking, went running to the kitchen to find out what had happened and there discovered poor old Mélanie, gasping for breath, with her basket still on her arm, just taking hold of the saucepan in which the charred remains of the occupants of the Ark were smouldering hideously.

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"My 'castrole,' my lovely 'castrole!'" cried Mélanie, in accents of despair.

Anatole had come to triumph over the success of his plot; he remained to feel the crushing weight of shame and remorse. And it was in quavering tones, that, at Mélanie's summons, he revealed that the jugged hare was to be found in the broom cupboard.

He was not scolded. His father, paler than usual, pretended not to see him. His mother's cheeks were very flushed and she looked at him askance. But the most deplorable spectacle of all was presented by his godfather who chanced to be present at the meal. The corners of his mouth, usually framed so jovially within a pair of round cheeks and a fat chin, drooped most ruefully. Behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, his eyes, so lately beaming, had ceased to twinkle.

When Mélanie brought in the hare, her eyes were red and tears were streaming down her cheeks. Anatole could bear it no longer, and, getting up from the table, he rushed to his poor old friend, hugged her with all his might and burst into a flood of tears.

From the pocket of her apron she drew her chequered handkerchief, gently wiped his eyes with her knotted hand all smelling of parsley, and said in a voice broken with sobs:

"Don't cry, Master Anatole, don't cry!"

Turning to his mother, his godfather said:

"Anatole is not really a bad boy at heart; but he's an only child. He is lonely and doesn't know what to do with himself. Put him to boarding school. He will be under a healthy discipline and will have little friends to play with."

Hearing these words, Anatole wished with great longing for a little brother, in order that he might be a better boy. And one day not long after, when he saw a little chimney-sweep as black as an imp come stepping out of the chimney in the drawing

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room, he decided to adopt him. So he went up to him with an affectionate gesture and said: "Will you be my brother?"

The little chimney-sweep rolled a pair of wondering eyes within his soot-blackened face, grinned from ear to ear and nodded his head in assent.

Thereupon, in a frenzy of affection, Anatole ran to the kitchen and brought him back a cheese, which the little fellow began to gobble down with such alacrity that he never stopped for breath.

At this point Anatole's mother came on the scene.

"Mamma," said Anatole, "this is my brother. I have adopted him."

"That is very nice," said his mother, smiling. "But he will choke himself. Give him something to drink."

And Anatole's mother was very kind to Anatole's new brother until the little sweep had to return to his own home in the mountains of Savoy, and Anatole found himself an only child once again.

Then Anatole was sent for the first time to school. There he beheld a room full of mischief-loving youngsters, all laughing and making grimaces. This room was presided over by an absent-minded spinster with pallid side-curls hung down each side of her face like willow boughs drooping mournfully over the edge of a stream. If the truth must be told, Anatole learned nothing in that school except how to raise silk-worms in his desk. This remarkable accomplishment was taught him by a little boy named Fontanet who became his bosom friend. Fontanet and Anatole were withdrawn from the establishment at the same time and sent to a real school, the College Stanislas in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs.

And now Anatole was no more a child but a little boy, and he learned many things. Every year in October he started off through the Luxemburg Gardens on his way to school, his heart the least bit heavy because the holidays were over. A vague hint of sadness

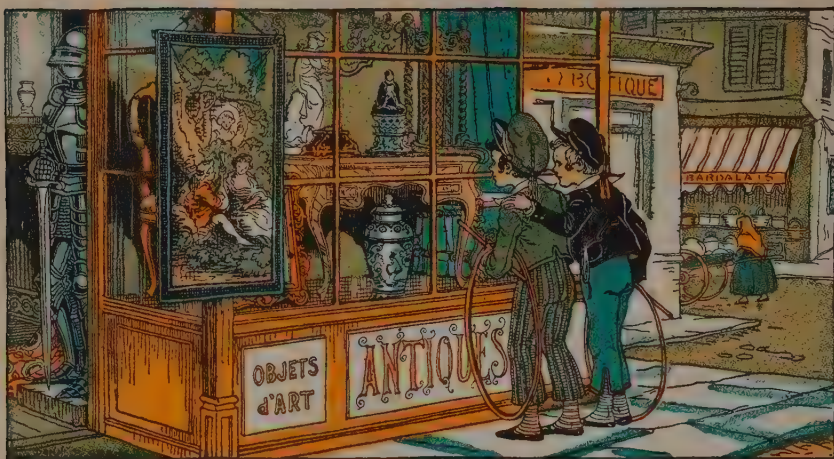
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made the gardens lovelier than ever, for it was the time when the leaves fall one by one upon the white shoulders of the statues. But the little fellow trotted along with his hands in his pockets and his satchel slung over his shoulder, hopping about merry as a sparrow. He was thoughtless, very thoughtless, but his heart was gentle; his ideas were expanding with that sweetness and strength which freedom bestows, and hatred had no place in his thoughts. If he was eager and curious to know the ins and outs of things, it was that he might love them the better.

Every day he saw the streets. He saw the milk-women, the water-carriers, and coalmen on their morning rounds. He peeped into the grocers' shops where boxes of candied fruits long continued to excite his admiration. He saw the butchers' and wine-merchants' shops, he saw a regiment of soldiers pass down the street with its band playing, and through all these sights there was implanted in him a love of manual toil and of those who practice it. He felt the law of labor to be a divine law, and that everyone must perform his appointed task in this world of ours.

Indeed, he owed to those morning and evening walks to and from school an affectionate curiosity regarding shop-people and their trades which he retained all his life long. It must be confessed, however, that he liked some better than others. The stationers who exhibited illustrated story books in their windows were his earliest favorites, and times without number did he stand, flattening his nose against their windows, reading these pictured legends through from beginning to end.

In those days the shops of the booksellers, antiquaries and printsellers were full to overflowing of the fairest forms of art and the most curious relics of the past, in quaint and elegant confusion. There were old furniture, old prints, old books and old pictures. There were carved credence tables, china jugs, enamels, colored pottery, figured stuffs, tapestry and books hand illuminated in beautiful colors.



Whenever they had a holiday, Anatole and Fontanet used to go and play in the Tuileries Gardens, together making their way along the learned Quai Voltaire. And as they went with hoops in their hands and balls in their jacket pockets, they used to look in the shops just as the old gentlemen did, and form their own ideas concerning all those strange things that had come down from the Past, the dim, mysterious Past.

They were deeply interested, too, in the armorer's shop. One day they saw the armorer, surrounded by lances, targets, breast-plates, and bucklers, and wearing his green baize apron, get up and go off limping to the other end of his shop to fetch an antique sword, which he proceeded to fix in an iron vise on his bench in order to clean the blade and repair the hilt. And then they knew that they were witnessing a noble sight. They remained speechless with admiration, their faces glued to the window.

The recollection of what they had seen greatly elated them that evening and countless energetic plans began to take shape in their minds.

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"Suppose," said Fontanet, "suppose we get some of that silver paper they wrap up chocolates with, and make some armor like that which Petit-Prêtre has in his shop."

It was a fine idea, but they were not so successful in carrying it out as they had hoped. Anatole made a helmet, but Fontanet took it for a wizard's cap. And so Anatole said, "Let's start a museum." The idea was excellent, but at the moment they had nothing to put in the museum save half a dozen marbles and a dozen tops or so.

It was at this point that Fontanet came out with yet a third plan.

"Let's compose a history of France," he exclaimed, "with all the details in fifty volumes."

This proposal fairly enchanted Anatole. He clapped his hands and shouted for joy. They arranged to begin the following morning.

"All the details!" said Fontanet once more, "we must put in all the details."

That was precisely Anatole's idea of the thing, they would have all the details. It was a sublime idea, writing a History of France in fifty volumes, with all the details.

Well, they began their history. For some reason or other it proved to be absolutely necessary to their plan that they should begin with King Teutobochus. Their very first chapter brought them face to face with this King Teutobochus who was thirty feet tall,—a fact anyone could demonstrate by measuring his bones, which had been accidentally unearthed. Fancy having to face a giant like that and furnish him with a history at the very outset of their labors. The encounter was terrible. Even Fontanet was staggered. Though they racked their brains and taxed all their ingenuity, they could not provide old Teutobochus with a story suitable to his bulk.

"We shall have to skip old Teutobochus," said Fontanet.

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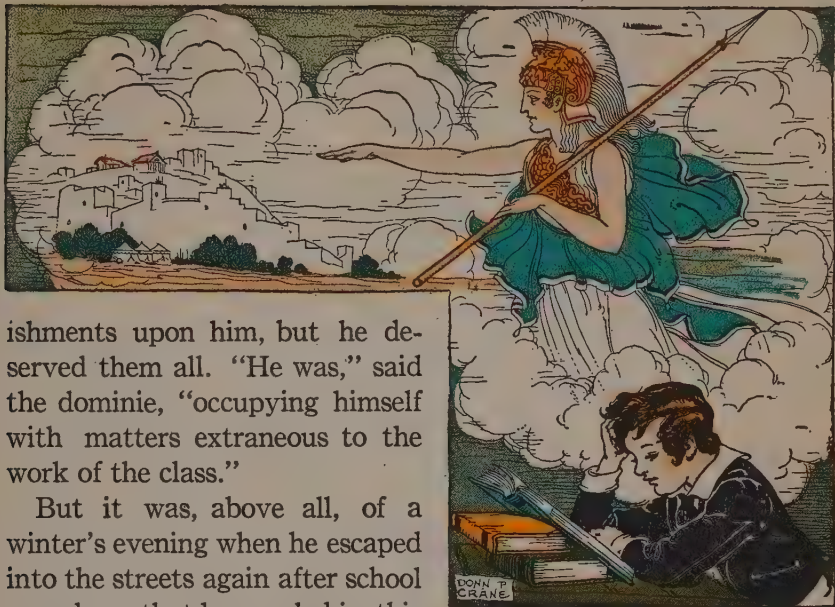
But Anatole did not dare to skip so important a gentleman. The History of France in fifty volumes stopped short at Teuto-bochus.

The School of the Streets taught Anatole much, but the home school was more profitable still. The family table, with its fair white cloth, its clear sparkling decanters, the tranquil faces of father and mother, the easy natural talk,—from all these things Anatole learned to love and understand the lowly and hallowed elements of human life. And then there was his father's book-shop, where he loved to linger and listen to the talk of men who knew books, queer characters, many of them, but book-lovers all.

Little fellow though he was, winding his way to school across the Luxemburg Gardens as merry as a young sparrow, he was still by no means indifferent to grace and elegance and the beauty of classic culture. He strove but little for glory and his name was rarely blazoned on the prize-lists, but when his old dominie used to read from the Latin of Livy, "The remnants of the Roman Army made their way to Canusium under cover of the night," he forgot everything else in the world and saw only a silent host passing by in the bare, moonlit country, along a road fringed with tombs, their ashen faces smeared with blood and dust, their helmets dented, their breast-plates battered and tarnished, their swords shattered at the hilt. And this ghostlike procession, as it melted slowly into the night, was so grave, so mournful and so majestic that his heart leapt within him for grief and admiration.

After that he studied the tragic poets,—Sophocles, Euripides. They opened the gates of an enchanted world to him,—a world of heroes and heroines. To them he owed the noblest dreams that ever visited a school-boy. As he sat at his ink-stained desk, his head buried in the dictionary, forms of Godlike beauty passed before his vision. He beheld arms of gleaming ivory falling upon snowy tunics; he heard voices sweeter than the sweetest melody moaning most musically. This brought down dire pun-

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ishments upon him, but he deserved them all. "He was," said the dominie, "occupying himself with matters extraneous to the work of the class."

But it was, above all, of a winter's evening when he escaped into the streets again after school was done, that he reveled in this visionary glow, these soundless harmonies. He halted beneath lamp-posts; he stayed his steps by flaring shop-windows to con a line or two, and then recited them in an undertone as he pursued his way. The streets,—the narrow streets of the faubourg, —on which the shadows of the evening were beginning to fall, would then be filled with the bustle of a busy winter's eve. Often enough he collided with a pastry cook's boy with his hamper on his head, dreaming his dreams, as Anatole was dreaming his, or else he would suddenly feel on his cheek the hot breath of some unlucky horse tugging at his load.

Nor did reality mar the beauty of his dreams, because he loved those dear old streets of his, whose every stone had seen him growing into manhood. One evening he read some lines of the *Antigone*, by the lantern of a vendor of baked chestnuts, and years

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later, after a quarter of a century, he could never think of those lines without seeing the man of Auvergne blowing into a paper bag, or feeling his side grow warm with the heat of the stove, where his chestnuts were a-roasting.

This was how he learned a deal of poetry; this was how he made many a useful and valuable acquaintance. Slowly Anatole developed. He graduated from college, he taught a little, he did some work in journalism, but always he had plenty of time to read, to dream, to think and to scribble his thoughts in verse.

And now Anatole, instead of calling himself Anatole Thibault, took the name his father had used in putting forth lists of books. This name was none other than that of his country, and henceforth Anatole signed his writings, not Anatole Thibault, but Anatole France.

"Everything must be true to fact! This is a scientific age. Give us only the real!" was the cry of that generation. And so Anatole, when he began to write stories of Paris, wrote real stories, sometimes kindly, sometimes hard, now with a genial old scholar for a hero, now with some half-savage mulatto, drifting through all the gutters of the art-student's Bohemia.

But, as the years passed, he began to revolt against all this cry of "Give us only the real!" He was married now and had children of his own whom he dearly loved. All the poetry of a child's thought fired his fancy. He was sick of realism.

"It is not science, it is poetry which charms and consoles," he cried. "That is why poetry is more necessary than science." And he turned his back on realistic stories and took to writing fairy tales and romances and, best of all, the charming memories of his own childhood days in Paris.

"To know is nothing, to imagine is everything," he said. "It is imagination which sows all beauty, all virtue in the world. Only through it are we great." And in those days which were golden days, the romance of the past charmed him likewise.

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All the visions conjured up in his boyhood by Livy and Homer, Sophocles and Euripides led him back to classic antiquity, and many a tale of ancient Greece or Rome appeared under the name of Anatole France.

But ah, there were other memories of his boyhood that moved him likewise in his later days. There was the love of his fellow-men born in his heart when he roved the streets of Paris. For them he must seek education, enlightenment, and justice. Everywhere he felt the need for reform crying out; and so he left the world of fairy-tale and romance and took to writing in serious vein, stories of real life once again.

When he was an old man Anatole France was so truly recognized as one of the world's greatest writers that he received the Nobel Prize for literature. Yet even then, though his beard was long and white, Anatole was only the grown-up boy who loved to flatten his nose against the windows of curio shops or trot along after his mother to the fancy-goods stores, for with the \$50,000 of the Nobel Prize he bought tapestries, handsome old tapestries, to adorn his home in Paris.

In the beautiful little Villa Saïd with stained glass windows opening toward the cool green vistas of the Bois de Boulogne, Anatole lived as an old man, the quiet of his retreat broken only by the terrible years of the World War, when despite the fact that he had always loved peace and preached peace, he gave the best service of his pen to his country and countrymen. There in the Villa Saïd he lived amid books and works of art, a calm, serene old scholar.

The most French of Frenchmen was Anatole, the most Parisian of Parisians, and fit it is, indeed, that down through history, he should bear as his own the name of his country, France.

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Discoveries in Fairyland

*JEAN HENRI FABRE (*French*, 1823-1915)



HERE goes little Henri, barefooted, bareheaded, his soiled frieze smock flapping against his heels. He is coming home from the tiny hamlet of Malaval where he has been living with his grandam and his grandad, horny-handed folk who till the soil. A solitary place it is, the cottage of Malaval, standing lone amidst the broom and heather, with no neighbor for miles around. Sometimes thieving wolves come sneaking by, and the country round about is a wild solitude, mossy fens and quagmires oozing with iridescent pools. But the house itself is a cozy place, its barnyard swarming with lambs and geese and pigs, its big room glowing with lurid light from the fire, which brings into bright relief the eager faces of children, crowding around the table. Each child has a spoon and a wooden bowl before him, and there at one end of the table, his unclipped hair like a shaggy mane, sits Grandad, cutting with vigorous stroke an enormous rye loaf the size of a cart-wheel. Armed with a long metal ladle, Grandam is dipping the supper from a capacious pot that bubbles lustily over the flames. Um! how good it smells, the savor of bacon and turnips! After supper, Grandam takes up her distaff and spindle in the corner by the hearth and tells the children stories as they squat in the firelight before her, stories of dragons and serpents and wolves.

Little Henri loves those stories, but he loves something else better still, for which the others laugh at him. He finds a whole fairy world for himself by watching the queer insects that abound in that countryside. Little six-year-old monkey! He will stand

**Told chiefly from the autobiographical material in THE LIFE OF THE FLY.*

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in ecstasy before the splendor of the gardener beetle's wing-cases, or the wings of a butterfly. All the dazzling beauty of their shimmering color is as magic unto him.

Once he heard a little singing, faint and soft among the bushes, at nightfall. What was it? A little bird? He must discover. True, he dares not venture too far away. There are wolves about, you know. Just there it is, the sound, behind that clump of broom. The boy puts out his hand. In vain! At the faintest little noise the brushwood jingle ceases. At last! Whoosh! A grab of the hand and he holds the singer fast. It is not a bird; it is a kind of grasshopper, and the boy knows now from his own observation that the grasshopper sings.

Ah, well-a-day! Now he is going back to the town of St. Léons in southern France where he was born. His father has sent for him to go to school. The schoolmaster of St. Léons is Henri's godfather, and what a man he is! He is not only schoolmaster; he is village barber as well and shaves all the notables, the mayor and parish priest. He is the bell-ringer who must interrupt his lessons to ring a merry peal for a wedding or a christening. He is choir-master and fills the church with his mighty voice at vespers. He is care-taker of the village clock and climbs every



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day to the top of the steeple, where he opens a huge cage of rafters and performs some miraculous windings amidst a maze of wheels and springs. He is manager of the property of an absentee landlord, directs the getting in of the hay, the walnuts, the apples and oats; he takes care of an old vacant castle with four great towers which are now but so many houses for pigeons. Such time as he has left from these duties he gives to his teaching! And the room where little Henri goes to school! It is at once a school, a kitchen, a bedroom, a dining room, a chicken house and a piggery! There is a ladder leading up out of it to the loft above, whence the schoolmaster sometimes brings down hay for his ass, or a basket of potatoes for the housewife. That loft is the only other room in the house. The school room has a monumental fireplace, adorned with enormous bellows and a shovel so huge that it takes two hands to lift it. On either side of the hearth are recesses in the wall. These recesses are beds, and each has two sliding planks that serve as doors and shut in the sleeper at night, so he may lie cozy and snug while the North-wind howls without. Over in the sunny nook by the window stands the master's desk, and opposite, in a wall-niche, gleam a copper water-pail and rows of shining pewter dishes. Well nigh every spot on the wall that is touched by the light is adorned with a gay-colored half-penny picture. There is the lovely Genevieve of Brabant with her roe, and the fierce villain, Golo, hiding, sword in hand, darkly in the bushes. There is the Wandering Jew with hobnailed boots and a stout stick, his long, white beard falling, like an avalanche of snow, over his apron to his knees. What a source of constant delight to Henri are these pictures! How they hold his eye with their color—great patches of red, blue and green!

On three-legged stools before the hearth sit the little scholars, and there before them, in an enormous cauldron over the flames, hangs the pigs' food, simmering and giving off jets of steam with

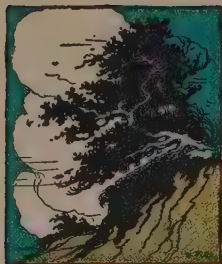
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a puff-puff-puffing sound. Sometimes the boys take care to leave the school room door open. Then the little porkers, attracted by the smell of the food, come running in. They go trotting up to Henri, grunting and curling their little tails, questioning with their sharp little eyes, and poking their cold, pink snouts into his hand in search of a chestnut or scrap of bread. The master flicks his handkerchief—snick! Off go the little pigs! All to no use! A moment later, behold, in the doorway, old Madame Hen with her velvet-coated brood! The boys crumble pieces of bread and vie with each other to call the little chicks to them. Ah! their backs are so downy and soft to tickle with your fingers!

It was not much little Henri could learn in such a school. No! He held a book up in front of his face but he never even learned his letters! One day his father brings him home a gaily-colored print, divided into squares, in each of which an animal teaches the alphabet by means of his name. A is for Ass, and so on! Little Henri is overjoyed. Those speaking pictures bring him among his friends. Animals forever! The beasts have taught him his letters!

But now where shall he keep his precious print? He has a little sanctum that he has appropriated to himself in their humble home. It is a window in a cozy recess like the schoolmaster's. From there he can overlook the whole village as it straggles along the hillside. Way down in the hollow is the church with its three steeples and its clock. A little higher up lies the village square where a fountain falls from basin to basin beneath a high-arched roof. Sprinkled over the slopes above lie little houses with garden patches rising in terraces banked up by tottering walls. Between, are steep lanes cut out of the solid rock, lanes so steep that even the sure-footed mules, with their loads of branches, hesitate to enter them. High above all, standing out against the sky, a few wind-battered oaks bristle on the ridges. Those trees are Henri's friends and he loves them dearly. In stormy

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weather they bow their heads and turn their backs to the wind. They bend and toss about as though to uproot themselves and take to flight. How often has Henri watched them writhing like madmen when the North-wind's besom raises the snow-dust; and then tomorrow they stand motionless, still and upright, against a fair blue sky. What are they doing up there, those desolate trees? He is gladdened by their calmness and distressed by their terrified gestures. They are his friends. In the morning the sun rises behind their transparent screen and ascends in its glory. Where does it come from? To the boy those trees seem the boundary of the world. In this cozy little sanctum, with such an outlook, Henri keeps all his treasures. It is not too many treasures that he is allowed to keep.

Once he was sent up the hillside by the path that climbed behind the chateau to the pond. He was to lead their twenty-four downy ducklings to the water. What a delight that pond was to him! On the warm mud of its edge, the Frog's baby, the little Tadpole, basks and frisks in its black legions. At the bottom are beautiful shells and little worms carrying tufts and feathers. Above, the reeds and water are swarming with busy life. It is a whole immense world for Henri to observe. What are all those little creatures about? What are they doing? What are their names? While the ducklings rummage delightedly, head-downward and stern-upward in the water, Henri looks carefully about. There are some soot-colored knots like strands of old yarn in the mud. He lifts one up. It slips sticky and slack through his fingers, but look! a few of the knots have burst, and out comes a black globule the size of a pinhead, followed by a flat tail. He recognizes, on a small scale, the Frog's baby, the Tadpole, and has found out that these are her eggs. Enough! he disturbs the knots of yarn no more.

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When he goes home that night his pockets are bulging with treasures. He has found stones that glitter like diamonds, and something like gold-dust amidst the sand. On the alder trees he has found that beautiful beetle, the sacred scarab. It is of an unutterable



blue, a living jewel that pales the azure of the sky. He puts the glorious one in an empty snail shell which he plugs up with a leaf. He will take it home to observe it at leisure. But when he reaches the cottage and mother and father see his pockets, like to be torn to pieces by their burden, his father cries:

"You rascal! I send you to mind the ducks and you amuse yourself by picking up stones. Make haste, throw them away!"

Broken-hearted, he obeys. Diamonds, gold-dust, petrified ram's-horn, heavenly beetle, all are flung on the ash-heap!

The brook that runs through the village is also a source of constant delight to Henri,—dear little brook, so tranquil, cool and clear. Half-way up the hillside a miller has dammed it to make a reservoir for his mill-wheel. The reservoir is shut off from the road by a melancholy wall, all darkly bearded with ferns, but one day little Henri hoists himself up on a playfellow's shoulders and peers over. Bottomless, stagnant water he sees, covered with slimy, green scum, and in the gaps of that carpet, there lazily swims a black and yellow reptile! Ha! the very serpent or dragon of his grandmother's fireside tales it seems. Henri

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loses no time. He slips down again in a hurry. Years later he knows he had seen a salamander.

Below the reservoir, alders and ash bend forward on either side of the brook, a lofty arch of living green. At the foot of the trees the great twisted roots form watery caverns prolonged into gloomy corridors. On the threshold of these fastnesses shimmers only a glint of sunshine that sifts down through the leaves overhead. This is the haunt of the red-necked minnow. Come along very gently. Lie flat on the ground and look. What pretty little fish they are with their scarlet throats. See them there clustering side by side and rinsing their mouths incessantly. No movement save the slightest quiver of their tails and the fin on their backs to keep them still in running water. On a sudden a leaf drops down from the tree. Whoosh! the whole troop disappears!

On the other side of the brook is a cluster of beeches with smooth straight trunks like pillars. In the shade of those majestic branches sit chattering crows. The ground below is padded with moss, and at Henri's first step on that downy carpet his eye is caught by what?—it must be an egg dropped there by some vagrant hen. No! It is that curious thing, a mushroom, not yet full spread. It is the first he has ever picked and he turns it about in his fingers inquiring into its structure. Soon he finds another differing in size and shape and color. Ah! what a great treat it is! This one is bell-shaped, that one is like a cup; others are drawn out into spindles, hollowed into funnels or rounded like hemispheres. He comes upon one that is broken and weeping milky tears. He steps upon another and it all turns blue in an instant. Ah! but here is one shaped like a pear with a little hole at the top like a sort of chimney. He prods the under side with his fingers. A whiff of smoke shoots up from the chimney! Amusing! How amusing! Henri has found a puff ball.

Plants and insects and animals,—on every side, what things of interest in the world! Among the golden buttercups of the

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meadows, the blue campanulas of the hills, the pink heather of the mountains, the fragrant bracken of the woods, what treasures Henri finds! And the birds! Once he was climbing the hill with an apple for his lunch, to visit his friends, the trees, and explore the edge of the world. But what is this at his feet? A lovely bird has flown from its hiding place under the eaves of a stone. Bless us! here is a nest made of hair and fine straw, and in it six eggs laid so prettily side by side. Those eggs are a magnificent blue, as though steeped in the blue of the sky. Overpowered with happiness, Henri lies down on the grass and stares, while the mother, with a little clap of her gullet—tack! tack! flits anxiously near by. It is the first nest which Henri has ever found, the first of the joys which the birds are to bring him.

But when Henri is twelve years old his father moves away from the country and goes to the town to keep a café. Now Henri may go to school where he can really learn. His father, however, is never truly successful. He is always poor. Bad days come again when Henri must leave his lessons and earn his bread as best he may, now selling lemons under the arcades of the market at the fair of Beaucaire, or before the barracks of the Pré, another day enlisting in a gang of day-laborers to work on the road. Gloomy days those were, lonely and despairing, but in spite of all, the boy's love of nature and his passion for learning upheld him. Often, too, some creature kept him company, some insect never seen before. Today he is hungry, but he finds for the first time the pine-chafer, that superb beetle whose black or chestnut coat is sprinkled with specks of white velvet, and which squeaks when you capture him, with a slight complaining sound. Enough! Henri's hunger is forgotten.

When he is nineteen Henri takes a competitive examination and enters the normal school of Carpentras. He finishes the very simple schooling there, and then, little as he knows, he begins to teach others. What a teacher he is, studying right along

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with his pupils and learning through teaching them, puzzling out for himself, with passionate devotion, every branch of science, and teaching as he goes. Now he holds his chemistry class with rudest, home-made instruments, in the dusky, vaulted nave of an old, abandoned, Gothic church, which has once seemed to him like some wizard's den, with its rusty, old weather-cock creaking atop its steeple, the great bats flitting among the gargoyles and the owls hooting on the roof. Now he takes his pupils out

among the fields to study nature "at the ineffable festival of the awakening of life in the Spring."

His pupils love him dearly, but alas! education is still held in little esteem in France. The salary paid Professor Fabre is but a paltry pittance. He is married, too, and has a family to keep. How can he make both ends meet? Only by teaching, teaching, teaching, and that leaves him so little time to study his precious insects. He is peculiar, too, is Professor Fabre, and finds little favor with his fellow teachers. In the simplicity of his heart he cares nothing for worldly honors, for the forms and ceremonies of the world. He cares only to study and to learn. He does not like to wear the long, slick, black coat and high silk hat befitting a Professor. Fie! There goes Professor Fabre in a little slouch hat! It is unseemly! He must be reprimanded! He must wear a "topper" like his fellows! And so it goes. For thirty years of patient struggle, so it goes. But now, at last, he has acquired a modest income from his



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writings. He can leave off teaching and buy a little house at Sérignan. Glory be! he can doff his professor's coat and don the peasant's blouse again! He can plant a flower in his old silk hat, and when it has served its time as a flowerpot he can kick it into bits! He is free for his studies!

A pink house with green shutters, half hidden among trees, was the hermitage at Sérignan, and its garden a riot of verdure, the sweet air full of insects humming and heavy with perfume. Here those little creatures each told the student its secret and its history. How he loved them all, how tenderly he wrote of them, how accurately he observed them. Other scientists dissected insects and sought the secret of their life from death; Fabre observed his alive and sought the secret of their life from the marvelous instinct that directed all their ways. With reverence and awe he stood before the unerring Power that guides the wild bee and the wasp, though they may be carried miles away from home, back over vast and unknown spaces, surely to

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their nests. In instinct he saw the lofty evidence of God. How wonderfully those little creatures built their nests, how certain was the power that guided them, how surely each fulfilled his given task. True, the ugliness he saw in that little world troubled his tender spirit,—the cannibalism, the brutality of manners, the murders and assassinations. Here was something to wish done away. But far above all else, he marveled at the wonderful intelligence that directed there, and throughout nature he adored the great Eternal Power whose imprint is everywhere.

Studying in his sunny garden, Fabre not only loved insects himself, but he also taught others to love them. He was the first to cast away in his writing the long words and dry scientific phrases which other scientists used and which seemed to him like some barbarous Iroquois tongue. He wrote as the poet writes. For him the cricket was not some creature with a long Latin name, but "the brown violinist of the clods," and that voracious diving beetle that feeds on all the other insects of the water, was not the *Dytiscus* only, but the "pirate of the ponds." He tells us how at break of day "the bee pops her head out of her attic window to see what the weather is" and how "the timid spider of the thickets suspends by ethereal cables the branching whorls of his snare which the tears of the night have turned into chaplets of jewels." What fairy tale could equal to him the wonder of the butterfly bursting from the cocoon, or the marvelous unfolding of the locust's iridescent wings? He had his flesh-eating ogres too, his pirates and assassins, his modest and industrious little workers with their thousand curious callings, and his pigmy princes clad in gold and purple, dazzling with embroidery, adorned with lofty plumes, displaying their diamonds, their topazes and sapphires, gleaming with fire or shining like mirrors, magnificent of mien. To him, the best fairy book ever written could be read by simply upturning a stone. And so little Henri discovered the Fairyland of Science and revealed it to the world.

THE STORY BOOK OF SCIENCE

THE LIFE OF THE SPIDER

THE LIFE OF THE FLY

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A Boy in Russia

LEO N. TOLSTOY (*Russian*, 1828-1910)



OWN the stately avenue of birch trees that led from the house at Yasnaya Polyana, Count Nicolay Tolstoy's country estate, went trotting a company of huntsmen. At the head of the cavalcade, on a dark gray Roman-nosed horse, rode the huntsman-in-chief. He wore a shaggy cap, had a huge horn slung over his shoulder and carried a knife in his belt, while about the heels of his horse ran the hounds, clustered together in a many-hued undulating pack. In the centre of the crowd rolled a carriage bearing four eager little boys. These were Count Nicolay's sons—Nicolay and Sergey, Dmitri and Leo. When they had passed the two small round brick towers which stood on either side of the entrance to the estate, Count Nicolay called to the huntsmen and the coachman: "Keep to the road!" But he himself turned aside and rode through a field of rye.

The grain harvest was in full swing. Little Leo saw shining yellow fields extending farther than the eye could reach, and shut in on one side only by the lofty blue forest. All about were stacks of sheaves, while here and there amid the tall rye appeared the bended backs of the reapers. In a spot of shade a woman leaned over a cradle, and everywhere the stubble was strewn with the delicate blue of cornflowers. In another quarter peasants in their shirt-sleeves, standing on carts, were loading the sheaves, and raising a dust on the dry, hot fields. The overseer in boots, his long, wide coat thrown on without the sleeves, took off his felt cap, wiped his reddish head and beard with a towel, and shouted at the women.

All these sights and sounds little Leo saw and heard and felt—

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the talking of the people, the noise of the horses and carts, the merry whistle of the quail, the hum of the insects circling in motionless swarms about, the white spiders' webs, lying on the stubble or floating through the air, the thousands of varying tints and shadows which the glowing sun poured over the bright yellow stubble-field, the blue of the distant forest and the lilac of the clouds.

When they reached the woods the children found, beyond all their expectations, that a one-horse cart had arrived before them, in the midst of which sat the butler. At sight of the cart they shouted aloud with joy, for under the hay they caught glimpses of a samovar, a cask with a form of ice-cream and other attractive parcels. It was impossible to make any mistake. There were to be tea, ice-cream, and fruit in the open air. What a treat to drink tea in the woods on the grass and especially in a place where nobody had ever drunk tea before!

Scarcely could the children wait for the hunt to end. When the hounds had caught the fox, a cloth was spread under the shadow of the young birches, and the whole company seated themselves around it. The samovar was hissing with boiling water for the tea, and the butler, having trodden down the lush green grass about him, wiped the plates and emptied the baskets of the plums and peaches wrapped in leaves. Then he distributed to all, the fruits and ices, and the fragrant cups of tea.

The sun shown through the green branches of the young birches, and cast quivering gleams upon the patterns of the table cloth, on the children's feet, and even on the butler's polished, perspiring head. A light breeze fluttered through the trees and was very refreshing.

Now Leo and his brothers not only went out in this merry fashion to picnic and hunt at Yasnaya Polyana, but they often went nutting as well. One day their grandmother went with them. She was drawn out to the little coppice where the hazel-

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nuts grew, in a yellow cabriolet on springs, the same in which the children used to go for a drive with their tutor, Feodor Ivanovitch. But it was not horses that drew the cabriolet when Grandmother rode in it a-nutting. It was Count Nicolay's two favorite house-serfs, handsome, clever fellows, named Petrusha and Matyusha. They dragged the carriage to the woods, thrust aside the dense bushes in the thicket, and pulled down to Grandmother's reach the fragrant branches thick with nuts. Grandmother herself gathered the nuts into a bag, and the children did likewise. They filled their pockets; they filled the skirts of their jackets. How hot it was in the open spaces; how pleasantly fresh in the shade; and how the nuts cracked on all sides under the teeth of the children and the girls who were with them! Without ceasing they chewed the fresh, full, white kernels.

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Grandmother was a real personage at Yasnaya Polyana. She had been a grand lady in her day, an heiress and princess, wife of the governor of Kazan. She had lived in the midst of extravagant luxuries, with balls and musicals, theatricals and fêtes, and she had been thoroughly spoiled by both husband and son. But when she was an old lady, Leo found her most interesting because of the wonderful bubbles she could make when washing her hands with soap. Little Leo used to get himself taken to her room just to see those bubbles. It seemed to him that no one else but she could possibly produce anything so remarkable.

One night Leo slept in his grandmother's bedroom, and listened to the tales of old Lyof Stepanovitch, the blind story-teller. Stepanovitch was a serf belonging to Grandmother, and he had been bought merely because of his gift in story-telling. He lived somewhere in the house and was not seen the whole day through, but when evening came, he put on his long blue coat with puffs on the shoulders, and went up to Grandmother's bedchamber, a low little room, into which one had to enter up two steps. There he seated himself on a window-ledge, where supper was brought him from the master's table.

Little Leo was put to bed and the candles were blown out. There remained only one tiny light in front of the gilded icons with their sacred pictures. Then Lyof began his tale, and Grandmother, that wonderful Grandmother, all white, clothed in white, lying on white, covered with white, in her white night cap, lay high on white cushions. The child was absolutely absorbed by the mysterious appearance of the white grandmother, by her swaying shadow on the wall, by the slow, solemn words of the old man, resounding through the darkness of the little room, lighted only by the trembling of the image-lamp. It was a night he never forgot.

The house at Yasnaya Polyana was a huge wooden building with pillars and balconies. It had belonged originally to Leo's

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mother's father, the Prince Volkonsky. The place was surrounded by fields and woodlands, and there were four pretty ponds and a river on the estate. The household here now consisted of Leo's father, Count Nicolay Tolstoy, his grandmother, his aunt, Countess Alexandra Osten-Saken, his three brothers, Nicolay, Sergey, and Dmitri, all older than himself, and his little sister, Marie. His mother was dead—she had died when he was a mere baby—and it was a distant relative, called Aunt Tatiana, who brought the children up.

Everybody loved Aunt Tatiana dearly. She had jet black eyes, a vivacious, energetic expression, and crisp curling black hair which she wore in an enormous braid about her head. Like most Russian ladies of the upper class in her day, she spoke French better than Russian and played the piano beautifully. She was kind, too—always kind to the servants and she never spoke angrily to anyone. How the children loved to go to Aunt Tatiana's room, for she was fondly devoted to them, and there in various little dishes she kept sweets—dried figs, gingerbread and dates, especially to treat them. It was Aunt Tatiana who taught Leo the pure delight of loving. She taught him this, but not in words. By her whole being she filled him with love. He saw, he felt how she enjoyed loving, and so he understood.

Aunt Tatiana and Aunt Alexandra were always welcoming to Yasnaya Polyana a queer crowd of travelers and wayfarers—poor pilgrims, half-crazy devotees, wandering monks and nuns, and in these odd people Leo was greatly interested. With the visitors and the vast number of serfs living in their little huts, Yasnaya Polyana was a community in itself, a veritable village, though it lay way off in the country, at a goodly distance from any town.

Count Nicolay, the children's father, was a lively man, well built and with a pleasant face. Leo thought he presented a wonderfully fine appearance when he put on his frock coat and tight-

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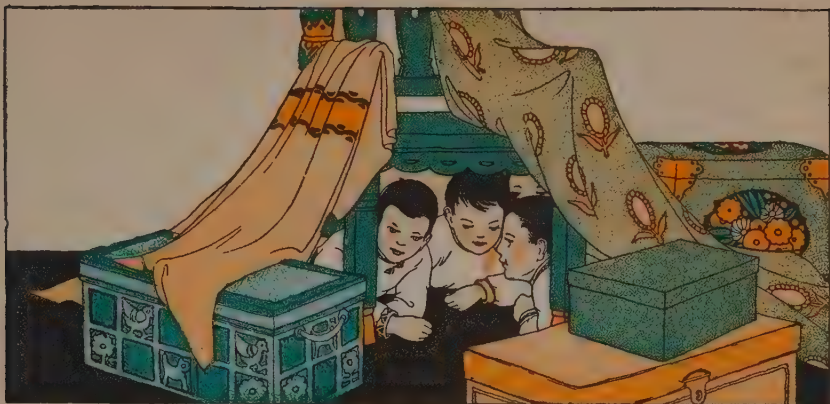
fitting trousers for a journey to town. The children used often to go for a walk with him, while the young greyhounds which followed him, gambolled on the unmown fields, the high grass flicking their sides and tickling their bellies. Count Nicolay spent most of his time managing the affairs of his great estate, in which business he was not very expert, though he exercised great virtue for his day and age. He was never cruel, and during his lifetime no bodily punishment was ever inflicted upon the serfs, whom, according to Russian custom, he owned like slaves.

Often of an evening Count Nicolay sat on a leather couch in his study, where the children would come to play or to say good night. Then he would caress them, or, to their immense delight, permit them to mount the couch behind his back, while he would continue reading or talking to the steward who stood by the door.

The pleasantest memory, however, that Leo kept of his father, was of his sitting with Grandma on the sofa and helping her to play Patience. Count Nicolay was polite and tender with everyone, but to Grandmother he was always particularly tender. There they sat, side by side, Grandmother in a very fine white cap with a ruche and a bow; and from time to time they took pinches from a gold snuff box. Close to the sofa in an arm-chair, sat Petrovna, a Tula tradeswoman who dealt in fire-arms. She was dressed in her military jacket and was always spinning thread, at intervals tapping her reel against the wall, in which she had already knocked a hole. The aunts were sitting in arm-chairs, one of them reading aloud. In another chair, wherein she had arranged a comfortable depression, lay black and tan Milka, Count Nicolay's favorite greyhound with beautiful black eyes. The children come to say good night, and sometimes they sit there for a while. Then they take leave of Grandmother and the aunts most formally, as they always do, by kissing their hands.

Leo was a shy, sensitive, thoughtful little boy, though he loved out door games and sports. He was not at all handsome—

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his nose was too broad, his lips were too fat, and his gray eyes too small and too near together. Sometimes he imagined there could be no happiness in the world for such an ugly little fellow. But for his brothers, Nicolay and Sergey, he had the greatest admiration. Nicolay, who was six years older than Leo, had such an imagination that he could tell ghost stories or humorous tales during whole hours, and so vividly that the children forgot they were all invention.

One day, when Leo was five, Dmitri six, and Sergey seven years old, Nicolay said to his brothers:

"I know a secret which will make all men happy when it is disclosed. There will be no more diseases and no more troubles in the world. No one will be angry with anyone else, all will love each other, and all will become Ant-brothers." Doubtless Nicolay meant Moravian-brothers, for he had read of the Moravian brotherhood, and their ideals of peace and brotherly love had fired his generous soul, but in Russian, the word for Moravia is the same as the word for ant, so they became to Nicolay the Ant-brothers. Moreover, the thought of an ant especially pleased the children, as reminding them of ants busily at work all together on

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an ant-hill. The great secret of happiness Nicolay said he had written on a green stick, which he had buried by the road on the edge of a certain ravine.

He then proceeded to organize a game called Ant-brothers. This consisted in getting all the children to sit down under chairs, sheltering themselves with boxes, screening themselves with handkerchiefs, and thus crouching together in the dark, pressing themselves against each other. Leo remembered experiencing a special feeling of love and pathos in playing that game, and he liked it very much. But, though the Ant-brotherhood was revealed to the children, the chief secret was not revealed. They never found the green stick on which was written the way for all men to cease suffering any misfortune, to leave off quarreling and being angry, and to become continuously happy. Nevertheless, as Leo grew older, that was the secret he was ceaselessly striving to find, that he might disclose it to men.

Another of Nicolay's flights of fancy concerned Fanfaranof Hill.

"I know," said he, "where there is a magic hill called Fanfaranof. Whoever succeeds in climbing that hill shall have his dearest wish granted." And he promised to lead the children to Fanfaranof after they should first have performed certain conditions. Sergey said that he wished to be able to model horses and hens out of wax; Dmitri desired to draw all kinds of things on a large scale, like an artist, but Leo could think of nothing which he particularly wished for, except to be able to draw small pictures. When they had all announced their wishes, Nicolay proceeded to tell them the conditions on which they might climb Fanfaranof Hill.

"First," said he, "you must each stand in a corner and not think of the white bear."

This was a very difficult matter, indeed. Little Leo used to stand in the corner and try with all his might not to think of the

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white bear, but he simply could not manage it. The more he tried not to think of it, the more he thought of it. The white bear would not go out of his mind.

"Second," said Nicolay, "you must walk without wavering along a crack between the boards of the floor, and third, you must avoid seeing a hare either alive or dead or cooked, for a whole year, and you must swear not to tell these secrets to anyone."

Needless to say, no one ever fulfilled the conditions, and so no one was ever led up the Wishing Hill. Nevertheless, Nicolay became very important in the eyes of the younger children by means of these awful mysteries.

There was only one horse in the stables in those days which the boys were allowed to ride. This was a quiet old fellow called Blackie. One day their aunt gave them permission to have a ride, and they all ran with their tutor to the stables.

The coachman saddled Blackie, and the first to ride was Nicolay. Nicolay rode over to the threshing floor and around the park, and when he came back the children shouted:

"Now start him up!"

Then Nicolay began to kick Blackie and to strike him with his whip until he began to gallop.

After Nicolay had ridden, Sergey took his turn. He also had a long ride and whipped Blackie until he galloped down the hill. He wanted to ride even longer, but Dmitri begged to be given his chance as soon as possible.

Dmitri rode over to the threshing floor, around the park and along through the village, and then he came galloping down the hill toward the stable. When he rode up to the children Blackie was winded, and his neck and flanks were black with sweat.

But now little Leo's turn had come. He wanted to surprise his brothers. He wanted to show them how well he could ride,

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and he began to spur the horse with all his might. But Blackie would not stir from the stable. Then Leo grew angry with the horse and pounded him with all his might with his whip and legs. But still Blackie would not budge. Then Leo turned around, rode up to his tutor, and asked him for a heavier whip. But the tutor said to him:

"You have ridden him enough, sir. Come down. Why do you torture the horse?"

At these words Leo felt offended and cried:

"But I have not had a ride yet. Just watch me gallop. Please give me a good-sized switch. I will beat him up."

The tutor, however, only shook his head and answered:

"O, sir, you have no pity. Why should you beat him up? He is twenty years old, and he is tired out. Just think how old he is. He is like Grandpa Timofeyitch. You might just as well sit down on old Timofeyitch's back and urge him on with a switch. Now would that not be a pity?"

Leo knew well about Grandpa Timofeyitch. He was an old peasant who lived at his grandson's house on the estate, but he never worked any more. And when Leo thought of him, he listened to the tutor's words. Climbing down from the horse, he saw how his sweaty sides hung down, how he breathed heavily through his nostrils and switched his bald tail, and he understood for the first time that it was hard for Blackie. Then he was suddenly struck to the heart with remorse for what he had done; he felt so sorry that he began to kiss the old horse's sweaty neck, and beg his forgiveness for having beaten him.

Yuletide at Yasnaya Polyana was a happy time. Then the household servants—and there were about thirty of them—used to dress up, come into the great hall of the house, and play games or dance to the accompaniment of a fiddle. The masqueraders usually represented a bear with its leader, Turks and Turkish women, Tyrolese, or brigands. Sometimes Aunt Tatiana would

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dress the children up also, and each one especially desired to wear a certain belt set with stones, and a muslin towel embroidered with silver and gold. Little Leo thought himself very grand when he played the Turk and had black moustaches painted with burnt cork on his face. He would look at himself in the mirror and be quite unable to keep from smiling with delight, even while he was trying to force his features into the fierce expression of a Turk. Once a friend of Count Tolstoy's drove thirty miles through the snow and cold, with his three sons and his three daughters, and they all changed clothes in the village, in order to dress up in fancy costume, and come popping in to surprise the Tolstoys.

Thus time passed swiftly at Yasnaya Polyana, but little Leo was only eight years old when the family moved to Moscow. In



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two elegant equipages they drove away from the old house with its row of pillars across the front, leaving behind them a crowd of staring bare-footed children, men-servants in coats and kaftans, and women in striped petticoats and striped dresses, with babies in their arms.

Moscow was a very large and beautiful city, the Mother of all the Russias, for it was from little Mother Moscow that the whole great Russian empire had grown. The children admired the city greatly, its crooked old streets, its great open spaces and boulevards, the scores of white churches, each crowned with a dome of brilliant color, gold, green, or blue with silver stars. They loved to see the white palaces that overhung the narrow winding banks of the Moskva River, the ancient monasteries with their high walls and round towers, and best of all, the historic old fort of the Kremlin, sacred in Russian history. When they were not in school, they visited these places of interest, and at such times they rode in a carriage drawn by four bay horses harnessed abreast, according to the custom of the time and country.

They had been only a few months in Moscow, however, when they suffered a great misfortune—their father suddenly died. And now they were total orphans with their Aunt Alexandra as their guardian. Count Nicolay disappeared so suddenly from Leo's life that the boy could not believe he was gone, but would scan the faces of passers-by, thinking to see him again somewhere in the streets of Moscow.

For a time the children lived with their grandmother, and Grandmother was as grand a personage as ever, though she mourned incessantly for the loss of her son. The strictest etiquette was maintained at her table, and when dinner was served, everybody had to assemble in the dining room in good time and wait for Grandmother to appear. Therefore, all were greatly surprised one day when Leo was found missing. Grandmother immediately inquired whether the boy was being punished.

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The tutor in some confusion answered that Leo was not being punished. Doubtless he had been detained in making ready for dinner. Certainly he would be there soon. In a few moments, however, an assistant-tutor entered the room in great agitation. He whispered something into the ear of the chief-tutor, who jumped up at once and hurried out of the door. This was very unusual, considering the strict etiquette that was always maintained. What had happened? Everybody wondered.

The answer to the riddle was this—Leo had been suddenly seized with a great desire to do something extraordinary, which should surprise and startle everyone. To accomplish this he had conceived the idea of jumping from a second story window into the yard below, and in order to carry out this achievement unhindered he had remained in his room alone when everyone else went to dinner. Then he had climbed up to an open window in the attic and jumped out. The cook, standing by a window of the kitchen in the basement, saw him come flying by, and almost before she realized what had happened, he struck the ground with a thud. In great excitement she informed the steward, who stepped out into the yard and found the boy lying unconscious. Fortunately no bones were broken, and after a long sleep he woke up quite sound, but for the time being, his desire to startle the world was satisfied.

Soon after the death of Count Nicolay, Grandmother also died. Henceforth, the boys stayed in Moscow winters for school and went to Yasnaya Polyana for the summers. It was during those days that Leo learned for the first time that corporal punishment was being inflicted on the serfs at Yasnaya Polyana, a thing which had never been heard of when his father was alive. He and his brothers were returning from a walk with their tutor when they met near the barn the fat steward, Andrey Flyin. He was followed by the coachman's assistant, Squinting Koozma, as he was called. Koozma was a married man no longer young, and

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he wore just then a very piteous face. One of the children asked Andrey where he was going, and the steward quietly answered:

"We are going to the barn where Koozma must be punished."

This meant that Koozma was to be whipped, and it was a terrible feeling that came upon Leo at sight of the good-natured, crest-fallen fellow on the way to such a punishment. In the evening he told his Aunt Tatiana what had happened. She was moved to the heart and said to the boy: "And why did you not stop it?"

And why did he not stop it? He had not even dreamed before that he could interfere in such an affair. Could he stop it? He never forgot the incident.

In 1841, when Leo was thirteen years old, Aunt Alexandra died, and now the children fell to the care of another of their father's sisters, Aunt Pelageya, the wife of Yushkoff, a rich landowner of Kazan. Aunt Pelageya came almost at once and took her niece and nephews from Yasnaya Polyana to Kazan. Ordering some boats, she loaded them with everything which it was possible for her to take away from her brother's estate. All the servants had to follow her, too—carpenters, tailors, blacksmiths, chefs, upholsterers. Moreover, she gave to each of the four brothers a serf of about his own age, to be forever attached to him as a man-servant.

When all was ready, Leo and his sister and brothers bade farewell to their beloved Aunt Tatiana, who went to live with a sister, and set out in numerous carriages and other vehicles for Kazan. It was a long journey and they crept along very slowly, but the time of year was autumn, the weather was fine, and they often camped out in the fields, or the woods, bathing when they came to streams of water and feasting on fresh mushrooms. Thus they traveled for four hundred miles east of Moscow.

They found Kazan a half barbaric city, one of the most interesting in Russia. It was the busy gateway to the East, and from its quays they saw ships floating out on the mighty waters of the

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river Volga, bound for the distant Caspian Sea. They saw its marts crowded with picturesque caravans, arriving from Bokhara and other cities of Persia, or departing perhaps for India, while its streets were thronged with Greeks, Tartars, Persians, dark-skinned Armenians and wayfarers from the Caucasus, a motley multitude indeed.

At the house of his uncle Yushkoff, in Kazan, Leo grew to manhood, and he and his brothers attended the university of Kazan. But it was altogether too gay a life he led there as a youth. Balls, now at the house of the governor of the province, now given by the chief of the nobility, private dancing parties, masquerades in the Hall of the Nobles, private theatricals, living-pictures, concerts all followed each other in an endless chain. As a titled young man of good birth, grandson of an ex-governor of Kazan, Tolstoy, in spite of his awkwardness and shyness, was welcomed everywhere.

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Aunt Pelageya, a worldly minded woman, thought that the greatest happiness for Leo would be to marry a wealthy bride who would bring him an enormous number of serfs, and to become adjutant to the Czar. This was the highest ambition she held for him. The youth himself, however, was torn between two states of feeling. At times he enjoyed the dancing and card-playing and gambling as much as the most roisterous of his companions. At other times he despised it all, and bitterly reproached himself for wasting his time in such junketing. Then he longed to break away from that useless, shameful foolery and to do something more worth while.

In such a mood as this, he did at last break away from Kazan. He left the university where he never did overly well, and went back to Yasnaya Polyana, for the estate had fallen to him, when the property of his parents had been divided among the brothers.

Now the young man, who as a boy had been so intensely moved at seeing a serf on his way to be whipped, was fired with a great desire to take up farming seriously and to better the condition of his peasants. He wished to clean up their houses, to give them better implements to work with, to found schools and educate them. He even put on a workman's blouse and labored by their side. But he found his attempts to help the serfs received by them with suspicion and distrust. They preferred the filthy huts where they had lived so long to any new or better housing. Neatness and improved sanitary arrangements were a nuisance to them. They chose to keep their primitive old wooden sokha which only scratched the surface of the soil, rather than learn to use a modern iron plow. It was a strange sight for them to see their master working with them and they lost their respect for him. Neither did he succeed in arousing in them the slightest interest in education. Indeed, matters turned out so badly that his worldly-minded Aunt Pelageya was well able to say, "I told you so."

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And so for a while young Tolstoy turned his back on the ideas for helping his people which had surged in him with such force. At this time his oldest brother, Nicolay, came home for a visit. Nicolay was with the Russian army in the wild mountain lands of the Caucasus, and when the day came for him to return to his duties, Leo left Yasnaya with all its wearisome problems and went off to seek adventure with him.

Years before, when the kingdom of Moscow became so strong as to make head against the Tartars, those barbarous half Mongol, half Turkish tribes that haunted its borderland, it gradually pushed them to the South East, and having conquered the kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan, it came into conflict with the wild tribes of Tartar mountaineers who inhabited the northern slopes of the Caucasian mountains. To keep these mountaineers in check, the Russian government had, about the middle of the nineteenth century, erected a whole line of palisaded forts as outposts. The Cossacks, who manned these forts were a warlike, pastoral people, particularly renowned as horsemen, and they furnished valuable contingents of cavalry to the Russian army. As time went on, the kingdom of Georgia on the southern slope of the mountains, became subject to Russia, and it was then absolutely necessary for Russia to subjugate those mountain tribes that separated her from her new domain. Thus the struggle went on for over fifty years, and it was to this scene of activity that Nicolay and Leo were bound.

The two young men traveled on horseback to Saratof, then in a fishing boat, rowing or drifting with the current, for a matter of three weeks down the river Volga till they came to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. From Astrakhan they journeyed in a post-chaise till they reached the Caucasus, and finally they came to the fortified camp of Stari Yurt. As they approached the place Leo suddenly saw a chain of snow-capped peaks rising directly from the flat prairie land of the steppes. The sun rose and glis-

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tened on the mountains and on the river Terek beyond the reeds. From a Cossack village came a native cart, and women, beautiful young women, walking. From that moment Leo understood the beauty and majesty of the mountains. From that moment everything he saw, everything he thought, everything he felt, assumed for him a new, severely majestic character, that of the mountains. All his Kazan memories with their shame and remorse vanished.

"Now life has begun," a solemn voice seemed to say to him.

At Stari Yurt, Nicolay and Leo lived in a tent. There were beautiful views about the place, in particular toward a spot where there were hot springs. There lay an enormous mountain of rocks all piled one upon another and intersected by torrents of boiling water, which in some places fell with much noise, and covered all the high part of the mountains with a steaming white vapor. In the middle of the valley, on the chief torrent, there were three water mills, one above the other, constructed in a peculiar and very picturesque way. All day the Tartar women



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kept coming to wash their clothes above and below these mills. They washed them with their feet. To Leo, looking on, the whole scene seemed like an ant heap in continual motion. The women were for the most part handsome and well built, and notwithstanding their poverty, their oriental costumes were always graceful. The picturesque groups formed by the women, together with the savage beauty of the place, made a truly beautiful sight. Leo sometimes remained for hours admiring it all.

The manner of warfare in these wild outposts was barbarous. Cossack detachments attacked Tartar villages in the mountains, destroyed their pastures, drove off the cattle, captured as many inhabitants as possible and with such booty returned to the posts. The mountaineers made reprisals. They pursued the detachments on the way back, and with well-aimed carbine shots, inflicted great losses. They hid behind ramparts in the woods and narrow ravines, and sometimes even appeared suddenly at the very posts, where they massacred many and carried off men and women to the mountains.

Nicolay was an officer but for some time Leo remained merely a visitor and did not join the army. The wonderful beauty of the mountains, the wild Cossack and Tartar villages, the Cossack bravery, and the almost primitive simplicity of life, in sharp contrast with the stifling luxury of life in Moscow and Kazan, inspired him like a fresh clean wind blowing away an oppressive heat. He began to write, and sent back home for publication a novel called *Childhood*, for which he drew largely on his own memories of early days. But within a year, he, too, joined the army and took part in many a wild raid from which he more than once narrowly escaped with his life.

In 1853 Russia declared war against Turkey, and was fighting with great success both on land and sea, when France and England, fearing lest Russia should become too powerful, intervened against her and began what was called the Crimean War,

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which was marked by the long siege and heroic defence of Sebastopol, one of the most remarkable feats in history. At this time Leo got himself transferred from the Caucasus to the army of the Danube, which was bound for Sebastopol. He journeyed by sleigh the greater part of the way to Bucharest in Roumania, completing his journey in a wretched little cart, over terrible roads. On November 7, 1854, he reached Sebastopol. The spirit of the troops manning the batteries and the walls there, was beyond description.

"Such heroism," Leo wrote home to his aunt, "was never seen in ancient Greece." And he put his impressions of the whole in a series of Sebastopol sketches, which were published at home in Russia. But with the fall of Sebastopol and the close of the Crimean war, Leo had seen enough of fighting. He retired from the army and went home again to his beloved Yasnaya Polyana.

And now he fell to farming and the work of uplifting his serfs with a new and more serious enthusiasm. Though he traveled abroad a number of times, and lived occasionally in Moscow or Petrograd, his heart and soul were wholly in his work at Yasnaya Polyana,—his school there, his farming. He thought almost altogether of helping the people, of educating them. He dwelt continually on the real equality of man, and the terrible inequalities that human conditions presented. Often such things as these made him very miserable, but he forever persevered, seeking the real meaning of life, and the secret of how all men could be happy. Ah, could he but have found that little green stick which Nicolay had buried by the ravine so long ago!

Before he knew it, Leo was thirty-five years old, and very lonely, for he had no wife. And then one day he found that Sofiya Behrs, whom he had long known as a little girl, had suddenly grown to be a young lady. She was the daughter of Leo's first childish sweetheart, one of those Islenef girls who were neighbors of the Tolstoys and came in to surprise the family

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by masquerading at Yuletide. It took Leo but a very short time to realize that he wanted to marry Sofiya, and accordingly Yasnaya Polyana soon had a fair young mistress.

And now Leo thought that he could never again be unhappy. He loved Sofiya dearly. Children began to come, boys and girls, and they were a merry crowd. Leo played games and pranks with the merriest of them. His books, too, novels chiefly, were well received and his name was honored in Russia. And yet he could never wholly leave off thinking about the rich and the poor, neither could he save himself from being troubled at the injustice in human life, nor from trying to set it right.

When he grew too weary of himself and of the questions which were tormenting him, he would take his family and go for the summer to a great farm which he had bought at Samara, far off on the river Volga in the midst of the Russian steppes. That wide expanse of treeless prairie with its waving grasses has always had a great charm for the Russian, just as the desert has for the Arab. There Tolstoy had bought a herd of one hundred Bashkir mares, which he placed in charge of a Bashkir named Mahmud Shah. Mahmud came with his wife and set up his kotchovka, a conical tent made of felt stretched over a wooden frame and provided with a tiny painted door. This tent with its carpet and cushions and a beautifully decorated saddle hung up on one side, was so neat and luxurious, that Tolstoy called it the drawing room. When male visitors appeared, Mahmud's wife, not wishing to be seen of men, retired behind gay chintz curtains and handed out a wooden platter laden with glasses and bottles of kumys, the fermented mare's milk for which Samara was famous.

Tolstoy's herds increased rapidly though wandering Kirghiz tribesmen once made a raid on them and would have captured them all, had not a sturdy pair of Bashkir plowmen chased the robbers away.

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When the family was at Samara they liked to live like Mahmud Shah in a Tartar kotchovka, and they watched with eager interest all the primitive methods of farming. There was the ploughing with five or six yokes of oxen, all wearing around their necks the deep-toned, melancholy bells; and when it came to threshing, there was a ring of horses tied head to tail, and kept circling round and round over the sheaves, while a Bashkir, armed with a long whip, acted as the ringmaster.

Once Tolstoy sent out an announcement that there would be races and other sports on his estate at Samara. The Bashkirs and Ural Cossacks, the well-to-do Russian peasants who lived in the neighboring villages and were very friendly with Tolstoy, all were invited. The prizes were to be an ox, a horse, a gun, a clock, a dressing-gown and other articles. A level place was selected for the races; a large circle five kilometers in circumference was marked with a plow, and starting posts were erected.

Soon the nomads began to arrive, bringing tents, copper boilers, sheep and gallons of kumys. Several thousand people assembled, and their tents were pitched on the steppe where the feathergrass waved in the breeze. The chief men among the Bashkirs took their positions on conical hillocks and sat cross-legged on their carpets, while a young Bashkir poured kumys from a leathern bottle and gravely handed the cup to each of the circle in turn. Here and there and everywhere was heard the weird minor music of the herdsmen's pipes and little snatches of song.

Then the games began,—wrestlers displayed their skill and for the principal races ten-year-old boys contended, mounted bareback on thirty finely-trained horses. No police were present, but, in spite of the clamor and excitement, good humor and order prevailed, and this particularly pleased Count Tolstoy. When the games were over, the guests were treated to horse-flesh and mutton and they departed satisfied, many of them politely thanking their host for his hospitality.

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At this time the life of the Bashkir peasants, with all their flies, fleas and dirt, the wandering, nomadic life of millions of men scattered over an immense territory and struggling with primitive conditions, seemed to Tolstoy far more important than the political life of Europe as represented in the British parliament. And these years were the summit of his family happiness, his literary fame and wealth. The time was soon to come when even his splendid new domain of rich and fertile soil, with three hundred head of horses, could no longer satisfy him or restore him his inner peace.

The old questions came back with an insistence which made

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it impossible to deny them. More and more he came to hate the idle, frivolous, useless life of the rich, the injustice of governments and society which gave so much to the rich and so little to the poor, the jealousies and selfishness that made war among men. He wanted to get back to the pure Christianity that Jesus taught, to lead a life of simplicity and work, of love and brotherhood. He wanted to love all, rich and poor, Zulu and idiot alike, and never be angry with anyone. He wanted to see all men equal, working and sharing alike. And so he lived among his peasants at Yasnaya Polyana, sharing with them the hardest manual labor and dressing just as they did, a smock in summer, a sheepskin coat and cap in winter.

And now instead of going on writing novels like those which had made him famous, he turned all his thoughts to religion and education. How to educate the peasants? How to teach them what was really good and fine? How to write for them so they would understand?—These thoughts absorbed him.

Gradually he came to believe that owning property was wrong. He decided that men should hold all things in common, and he made over everything he possessed to his wife and children. He gave up the use of his title of Count, and he taught that men should not resist evil with violence nor go to war for any cause whatever. These ideas of his began to spread like wildfire among the masses who looked upon him as a deliverer, and to Yasnaya Polyana came many a pilgrim wishing to study his teachings. Nevertheless, the Greek Church and the Russian government frowned darkly on his views. Policemen raided his home and carried off writings regarded by them as seditious, while the church cast him out altogether.

Still the old man pursued his course to the end. More than once he tried to leave home in order to be absolutely free from the comforts in which his wife and children lived and on a plane of complete equality with the poorest among the peasants. Every

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time, however, he returned. Not until a few days before his death, when he was eighty-two years old, did he leave Yasnaya Polyana for the last time, never to return.

On a gray, gloomy morning long before light, he set out, as eager to escape into poverty as most men would be to run off and seek a fortune. Sometimes he traveled in a



dirty, ill-ventilated third-class car attached to a freight train, and filled with a crowd of evil-smelling workmen. Again he rode through a pouring rain. But at last on this strange and lonely journey, away from all his family save one daughter who had joined him, he was taken ill, and he died in the humble little old red house of a village station master.

Thither the peasants came in their long overcoats to stand in groups around the doorstep, weeping and embracing one another, and one was heard to comfort the others, saying:

“Fear not for him; he loved the people so.”

Old man though he lived to be, Tolstoy never forgot the game of ant-brothers which he had played as a child, and when he was over seventy, he wrote:

“The ideal of ‘ant-brothers,’ lovingly clinging to one another, though not under two arm chairs curtained by handkerchiefs, but of all mankind under the wide dome of heaven, has remained the same for me. As I then believed that there existed a little green stick, whereon was written the message that could destroy all evil in men and give them universal welfare, so I now believe that such truth exists and will be revealed to men and will give them all it promises.”

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A Little Girl in Sweden*

SELMA LAGERLÖF (1858—)

SELMA thought herself very important. Yes, that she did! She was only three years old, but she was altogether different from other children, and this was how it happened. One day Selma woke up and found that she could not walk, no, nor even move her legs. Then there was a stir, you can imagine, and grown-ups making no end of a fuss about her. Day in and day out, Back-Kaisa, the tall, dark peasant woman six feet high, who was the children's nurse, carried Selma about on her back, waiting on her and petting her and telling her she was a perfect little angel. Yet, Back-Kaisa hadn't been the kind to do that sort of thing before. When a child went to the nursery up a steep, little old flight of stairs and across a great attic very dark and shadowy, after granny's tales of witches, and trolls, and goblins, had Back-Kaisa been wont to take her hand? No, not she! And when the owl, who lived up above the nursery in a lumber loft full of old looms and spinning wheels, began to hoot and make a dreadful racket in the dead of night, had Back-Kaisa been one to quiet any childish fears? No again and no, indeed! And had not Back-Kaisa cared so little what children thought that when she scrubbed the nursery floor, she put high up on the bureau out of reach the three pretty little chairs which were their treasures, each one painted on the bottom with a portrait of the owner, Johan in blue with a long whip, Anna in a dainty red frock and leghorn hat, sniffing at a nosegay, and Selma a tiny tot in a blue dress and little striped apron, all, all up out of reach? Yes, that was Back-Kaisa, and yet, here she was, now that Selma could not walk, petting and spoiling her for dear life. And Father and Mother and Granny and Aunt Lovisa, all were quite as bad.

The old carpenter at Askersby had to make Selma a little

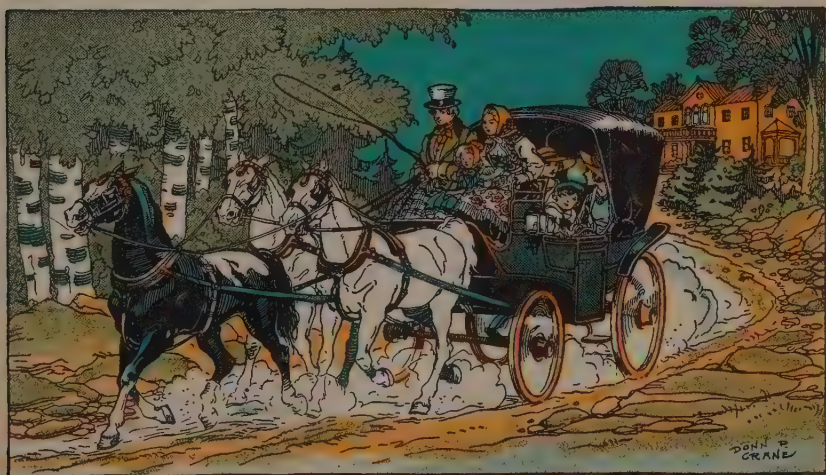
*Told chiefly from MARBACKA, Selma Lagerlöf's own story of her childhood.

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wagon so that Back-Kaisa might draw her about. But were Johan and Anna ever allowed to borrow that wagon to cart their sand? No, no! That was for Selma's use and they must not soil it. Johan and Anna were driven nearly to distraction.

Doctor Hedberg was consulted again and again, and Back-Kaisa one day secretly called in the dangerous old witch-doctor, —she who every Maundy Thursday greased a broomstick and went riding to the Witches' Kitchen,—but when both these failed to cure the little girl, Johan and Anna noticed that Selma thought herself too grand to eat plain fare. Why, she barely deigned to touch fried chicken and new potatoes and wild strawberries and cream. But when she had been taken to Karlstad and the great Doctor Haak had said he could do nothing for her, then she would eat nothing at all, save pastry and preserves.

At last it was decided. Selma was to be taken to the West Coast in the hope that she might be helped by the sea air and the baths. Now she sat beside Back-Kaisa, leaving the pretty old manor house at Marbacka, and perched up high on the box of



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the big closed carriage, with Magnus, the coachman, driving three prancing horses. Johan would have liked to sit up there, but no! That was Selma's seat and he must content himself below with Anna, Fru Lagerlöf and Aunt Lovisa, while Lieutenant Lagerlöf, their father, rode ahead in the carriole.

At Strömstad the Marbacka folk took a cosy little cottage by the sea. There they saw the sandy shore and the tall cliffs, the boats and the sea-faring folk, and shells and star-fish and crabs. The house fronted a big garden, and under the spreading trees they had their breakfasts and their suppers. At the back of the house in a tiny hut built against a high cliff lived their hostess, Fru Strömberg, whose husband was Captain of the *Jacob*, a ship far away at sea. During the winter months she occupied the cottage herself, but summers it was to let. In her tiny cabin she sat from morning till night, surrounded by blooming oleanders, her tables and shelves laden with curios which her husband had brought from foreign parts.

When Fru Lagerlöf and Mamselle Lovisa were having coffee with their friends, and the others were busy in various ways, Back-Kaisa and Selma went off to Fru Strömberg's cabin. Fru Strömberg had many wonderful things to show them,—big sea-shells that were full of sound, and murmured when you put them to your ear, and porcelain men from China with long pig-tails and moustaches. Back-Kaisa wondered how Fru Strömberg could have any peace of mind knowing that her husband was drifting about on the perilous seas, but Fru Strömberg replied that there was One who protected him, and therefore she felt that he was as safe on his ship as in the streets of Strömstad. Then she turned to Selma and said: "When he comes home, you shall see what he has on the *Jacob*. It is a bird-of-paradise."

Now the child was all interest in a moment. She remembered that Granny had told her about Paradise. It was a place that looked like the little rose-garden at Marbacka—so Selma thought.

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At the same time it was clear to her that Paradise had something to do with God. Therefore, she concluded that the one who guarded Fru Strömberg's husband so that he was as safe at sea as on land was the bird-of-paradise.

She wanted so much to meet that bird. Perhaps it could cure her legs, but she was too shy to ask Back-Kaisa and Fru Strömberg. They might laugh at her. Nevertheless, she did not forget what Fru Strömberg had said. Every day she wished that the Jacob would come home.

One day she heard the good news. The Jacob had arrived. She was very happy, indeed, but she did not speak of it to any one. To her there was something sacred about it all. Soon the whole family set out to see the Jacob. They had to get into a little boat and row out to her, and the nearer they got, the larger she grew, till at last she loomed high as a mountain. To those in the rowboat it looked quite impossible to clamber up so high.

Presently they lay-to under a swaying rope-ladder, and a couple of sailors jumped down to help them with the climb. The first to be taken up was Selma. One of the sailors boosted her to his comrade who bore her up the ladder and put her down on the deck. Here he left her to go and help the others. Now the little girl stood alone before a great yawning hole, at the bottom of which lay the cargo of salt, and she looked all about for the bird-of-paradise, even away up into the rigging. Seeing no sign of him, however, she turned to the Captain's cabin boy, who had just come up, and asked where he might be found.

"Come along," said the boy, "and you shall see him." Thereupon, he gave her a hand lest she fall down the hole; and walking backwards he led her down the companion-way into the Captain's cabin. In there, sure enough, was the bird-of-paradise, even more beautiful than her imagination had pictured it. It was not alive, yet it stood in the middle of the table, whole and perfect in all its gorgeous plumage.

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The little girl climbed up on a chair and from there to the table. Then she sat down beside the bird and regarded its beauty. The cabin-boy showed her its long, light, drooping feathers.

"Look!" he said. "You can see he's from Paradise, for he hasn't any feet! He always soars in the heavens."*

Now that seemed to fit in very well with Selma's own conception of Paradise—a place where one did not have to walk but moved about on wings. She gazed at the bird in wonder and adoration, her little hands folded as if in prayer.

Suddenly shouts were heard on deck. "Selma! Selma!" Immediately Lieutenant Lagerlöf and his wife, Captain Strömberg, Back-Kaisa, Johan, and Anna all came rushing into the cabin.

"How did you get here?" they asked as with one breath, wonder and amazement depicted on their faces.

Then Selma realized what had happened. In her eagerness to see the bird-of-paradise she had walked! She had walked and no one had carried her! She crawled from the table to the chair, and from the chair to the floor. Three cheers and hooray!

*The natives of New Guinea sent out the first birds of paradise without feet which gave rise to the legend that they had no feet, but always soared in the sky, never descending to earth for either rest or food.

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She could stand and she could walk! How they all rejoiced!

The grown folk said it was the splendid baths at Strömstad that had wrought the change, but the little girl had her own thoughts about the matter. Was it not that marvel with the quivering wings from the land where feet were not needed who had taught her to walk here on this earth?

At length, one day, the horses turned in on a large greensward surrounded by low red buildings and enclosed by a white fence. They stopped before a wide red house with small windows, and Selma was at home at Marbacka again. There on the porch stood a little, sweet-faced, white-haired lady, slightly bent and dressed in a striped skirt and black jacket. That was granny, who told the children so many wonderful tales on the corner sofa in the bedroom off the kitchen. There were big brother Daniel and tiny baby Gerda, too, to welcome the wanderers home.

How everybody loved Marbacka! Selma's grandfather and great grandfathers for generations had lived there. They had all been clergymen till her grandfather's time. He had been a Paymaster of the Regiment and, like her father, a soldier.

There were many queer old buildings at Marbacka,—the man-servant's hall, and the sheep-cot, the stable, the bath-house where they used to smoke bacon, the kiln where they malted grain, and the little storehouse built up on stilts. In the autumn that storehouse was something wonderful to behold. It held great bins of flour, two huge vats of beef and pork in brine, buckets of sausage, barrels of salted herring, tins of salted beans, spinach and peas. It was the housekeeper who ruled over the storehouse and guarded the key with zealous care. None of your trespassing in there, children,—it is kept fast locked!

The servant's hall was built of stones picked up on the ground, and its walls were two ells thick. It had two low small-paned windows with iron gratings, a fireplace at one end, and a large bed-cupboard, where four great beds were built into the wall,

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two upper and two lower bunks, in each of which three persons could easily lie side by side. Here lived the stableman and the farm-boy; here the farm laborers gathered at rest hours to eat and lounge, and here poor belated wayfarers were shown when they came asking for a lodging at nightfall.

Above the man-servant's cottage was the loom-room with two looms and a great tile stove. In this room Fru Lagerlöf loved to sit and weave towelling, bed linen, table linen, floor mats, curtains, or pretty fabrics for dresses. All summer long she sat at her loom and kept it going. In the autumn, however, the looms were taken out to make room for a long low table, while round three-legged stools were brought up from the servants' room below. That meant that Soldier Svens, the parish shoemaker, was expected. Soon he and his apprentices came, shouldering great knapsacks full of awls, hammers, lasts, wax-ends, eyelets, heel-irons and shoe-pegs, all of which were dumped on the table. Selma and the other children were in high glee when the shoemaker arrived. They bounded up the difficult stairs to the loom-room many times a day to watch how a shoe was made from the stretching of the leather on the last to the cutting out of boot laces.

There was another thing, too, that was great fun at Marbacka. That was to watch Aunt Lovisa dress the peasant girls in their veils and myrtle crowns for their weddings; for the ladies of Marbacka had always dressed the brides of the neighborhood since the days of the clergymen's wives. Aunt Lovisa had inherited a cupboard full of trumpery things for this purpose,—glass beads, artificial flowers, imitation jewelry, false curls, a pasteboard bridal crown covered with gold paper, and tortoise shell combs fully eight inches high. Sometimes the little girls even dressed themselves up in this finery.

Now Lieutenant Lagerlöf in those days was an energetic farmer. He dug ditches for drainage, sowed timothy and clover

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in the meadows that bordered the curves of the shining river, bought a threshing machine, and built a fine new barn and decent cottages for his workmen. He beautified the house, too, with a stately avenue of approach, extensive gardens and shrubbery.

"The King might come to Marbacka some day on his way to Norway," he used to say, "and we must be ready to receive him." That was his little joke.

At six-thirty in the morning the nurse made a fire in the children's room, and at seven they had to rise. Soon a tray was sent up from the kitchen with bowls of gruel and large pieces of buttered knäckebröd. This was the "little breakfast." At eight o'clock, whatever the weather, they went out for a romp, sledging on the driveway or skating on the pond. An hour later they came in for "big breakfast," which consisted of eggs or griddle-cakes, or fried herring with boiled potatoes. They did not sit down about the big table for this meal but each one helped himself and sat at one of the little tables. Lessons under the governess in the nursery lasted from nine o'clock until noon, and then came dinner. Now the whole family gathered about the dining table, and one of the little girls said grace before the meal. When they rose from the table each one kissed their mother's hand and then their father's, and said: "Thank you for the food." From two to four came lessons again and then they were off to drive their pet ram or go coasting to some distant hill. When they got back, a log fire was crackling in the living room and on a folded card table stood a plate of sandwiches with a pitcher of unfermented beer. Um, how good it tasted after the exercise and the cold, and how pleasant it was to lie on the floor before that big grate fire!

When the fire burned low and the lamp on the round table by the sofa was lit, Fru Lagerlöf taught her little daughters to sew, crochet or knit, and if they did their work well she read to them from Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Supper was at eight, and after that, Lieutenant Lagerlöf, sitting back in his rocking chair,

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would tell schoolboy yarns or relate memories of the days when he had heard the glorious Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, sing in Stockholm, unless, indeed, Fru Lagerlöf read to them all from the *Frithjof Saga*, which was the children's favorite story.

Everybody in the neighborhood loved Lieutenant Lagerlöf. Every year on the seventeenth of August they came from far and near for a celebration on his birthday. Carriages, pony carts, and chaises rolled up the avenue by scores. There was an illumination of the garden with magic lanterns in the evening and afterwards a play in the attic, in the writing of which Selma herself sometimes took a hand, for she dearly loved to scribble.

In this happy manner Selma lived for twenty years at her beloved Marbacka and sometimes she dreamed that a stranger would come to her gate and bring her fame by publishing her stories. Then came the day when the dear old place had to be sold, and Selma must go off to Stockholm to earn her living as a teacher. How often she thought of Marbacka then and yearned for her dear old province of Värmland. One day it flashed upon her like a blinding light that she must write a story of the Värmland and the people she loved so well. She wrote slowly, very slowly, but when the *Saga of Gösta Berling* was finished, it brought her fame and fortune. Ah, now she could buy back Marbacka!

In 1908 Selma was invited to write a book for the schools of Sweden which should keep alive in the hearts of the young folk a love for the history and folk-lore of their native land. Forthwith, she recalled her granny's old tales and her early life at Marbacka, and she wrote *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, a book which not only pleased the children of Sweden, but is dearly loved today by children of every land. Because of that book Selma received the Nobel Prize for literature, the first woman in the world to receive so great an honor. Because of that book little Selma is today the most dearly loved woman in Sweden.

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The Rough Rider

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (*American*, 1858-1919)



A STURDY young fellow, alert and energetic of movement, his spectacles gleaming in the sun, was making his way on a tough little western pony toward Chimney Butte Ranch on the Little Missouri River, in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. All around him the country was bare, wild and desolate, vast stretches of bleak prairie, parched by the scorching sun and varied only by abrupt and savage hills called by the cowboys, buttes. It was a land of enormous distances, stretching away forever, with no farms and no fences, only at wide intervals

little log ranch-houses with mud roofs, where lived the ranchmen whose herds ranged over the prairie. In the fertile river bottoms hundreds of long-horned cattle grazed while cowboys dashed recklessly among them on half-broken ponies. No soft loveliness in such a scene, only a wild, stark, bold and rugged beauty that made it a fit background for the bold and rugged men who lived and worked there.

Such a scene had a strange appeal for Theodore Roosevelt. He loved it; vigorous outdoor life in that wild country thrilled him; he wanted to feel himself the comrade of the men who lived there. And so a year ago he had bought Chimney Butte Ranch. Queer! A New Yorker of a wealthy old Dutch family,

Read THE BOY'S LIFE OF ROOSEVELT by Hermann Hagedorn.

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who had lived all his life in an aristocratic section of New York City and was a graduate of Harvard University into the bargain, choosing such a primitive life of toil and hardship, and queerer still that the rough plainsmen should overcome their prejudice against Eastern "dudes," and love and admire Theodore Roosevelt. Back in New York a great sorrow had just befallen the young man, the loss of his wife, and he had come out to Dakota to fling himself heart and soul into the work of the ranch and forget his grief in activity.

At this particular time, though Roosevelt was riding home to his dinner at Chimney Butte, the greater part of his stock was no longer kept there. One day not long ago, he had followed the Little Missouri River forty miles north of Chimney Butte to a spot where it takes a long swing westward through a fertile bottom bordered by sheer cliffs. There on a low bluff surmounted by cottonwood trees he had found the interlocked antlers of two great elk, and he had decided that this was a better place for his ranch than Chimney Butte. Accordingly, he and his men were driving the cattle over and taking possession of the rude little shack that was already built there.

It was a company of quiet, bronzed, self-reliant men with whom Roosevelt had surrounded himself out there in the West. There were Joe Ferris and Joe and Sylvaine Merrifield, seasoned plainsmen who were in charge of Chimney Butte Ranch when Theodore first came out to hunt buffalo just a year before. And there were the two backwoodsmen from Maine, whom Roosevelt fetched from the East, Bill Sewall and his nephew, Will Dow. Bill Sewall was a character. Roosevelt had learned to know and love him in his Harvard days when he went up to Lake Mattawamkeag to hunt in the Maine wilderness. A stalwart, vigorous man with an indomitable spirit was Sewall, the sort of man who could hew down with his axe forty or fifty giants of the forest in one day, who gloried in the conflict with wind and

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storm, and was the happiest in his canoe on Mattawamkeag when the waves were highest, exulting in his strength and bidding the elements defiance. This man was all his life long one of Roosevelt's closest friends.

In the fall, when everything was well settled at Elkhorn, Roosevelt set out for a round-up in the great cattle country west of the Little Missouri. The search for stray cattle took him and his party across southeastern Montana and halfway across Wyoming to the very base of the Big Horn Mountains, where eight years before, General Custer had been killed by the Indians. Those mountains tempted Roosevelt. The work of rounding up cattle was now well over; so he and Merrifield took a pack-train and leaving their canvas-covered wagon with the rest of the party, they started up into the mountains. Along an old Indian trail through dense pine woods and up the sides of rocky gorges they ascended—up and up and up, driving their pack-train with endless difficulty over fallen timber and along the edge of dizzy precipices.

At length they camped in a beautiful glade surrounded by pine trees, pitching their tents beside a clear running mountain brook. From here they hunted among the peaks round about. The weather was clear and cold with thin ice covering the mountain tarns, and now and again light falls of snow made the forest gleam in the moonlight. Through the frosty air they could often hear the far-off musical note of the bull-elk calling. Roosevelt loved the adventure of the chase, but he loved even more the majesty of the trees and the companionship of all the shy wild creatures that sprang across his path. When he did set out to hunt, however, he pursued his aim with dogged persistence. He might be sobbing for breath and with sweat streaming into his eyes, but if he was after an elk, after an elk he continued to be, in spite of all misadventures, until he got one; if his aim was a grizzly he kept on the warpath and never rested until the



grizzly was his. Certainly Theodore Roosevelt never avoided difficulties. He pressed on determinedly through them, and made difficulties contribute to his success.

After some days in the mountains the two men at length rejoined their wagon and started on the three hundred mile journey home. It was long and weary traveling, galloping beside the lumbering wagon over the desolate prairie. After many days they reached a strange and romantic region—isolated buttes of sandstone cut by the weather into curious caves and columns, battlements and spires. A beautiful and fantastic place it was, and here they made their camp. Soon the flames of their camp fire went leaping up the cliffs till those weird and solemn shapes seemed to writhe into life. Outside the circle of the firelight the cliffs shone silver beneath a great full moon and threw grotesque black shadows across the dusky plain.

The next morning, however, all was changed, a gale was blowing and the rain came beating down. A miserable day and night followed and then another. Not until the third day dawned could they start on their way again. That night they camped by a dry creek in a broad bottom covered with thick parched grass. To make sure that their camp fire should not set the surrounding grass alight, they burned a circle clear standing about with branches to keep the flames in check. Suddenly a puff of wind! The fire leapt up and roared like a beast as it raced along the plain. In five minutes the whole bottom would be ablaze. The men fought furiously. Hair and eyebrows were singed black, but they kept on fighting until the flames were subdued.

At this time they were still three days from home as the crawling team would make the journey, so Roosevelt concluded after

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supper that night to press on ahead of the wagon with Merrifield and ride the full distance before the next day should dawn. At nine o'clock they saddled the tough little ponies they had ridden all day and rode off out of the circle of firelight, loping mile after mile beneath the moon and the stars. Now and again bands of antelope swept silently by them and once a drove of cattle charged past, dark figures that set the ground rumbling beneath their heavy tread. The first glow of the sun was touching the level bluffs of Chimney Butte into light as they galloped into the valley of the Little Missouri River.

Winter was hard at Chimney Butte that year as always. There was little snow, but the cold was fierce in its intensity. The trees cracked and groaned from the strain of the frost and even the stars seemed to snap and glitter. The river lay frozen fast, and wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it at night as though it had been a highway.

Roosevelt lived chiefly now at Chimney Butte, writing somewhat on books which he had started and reading as much as he could, but never neglecting to share all the hardships of winter work. It was not pleasant to be out of doors in the biting wind, but the herds must be watched. The cattle suffered much and stood in shivering groups huddled together in the shelter of the canyons. Every day for Roosevelt began with breakfast at five o'clock, three hours before sunrise, and from then until dark he or his men were almost constantly in the saddle, riding about among the cattle and turning back any that seemed to be straggling away toward the open plain.

During the severest weather there were fifty new-bought and decidedly refractory ponies to be broken. Day after day in the icy cold Roosevelt labored patiently in the corral among them. More than once he was bucked by his steed in the presence of a gallery of grinning cowboys, but in the end it was noteworthy that it was always the pony and not Roosevelt who was broken!

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In the late spring the men built a new ranch house at Elkhorn, plain but comfortable and homelike. Then Will Dow went back east to Maine and returned with a newly married bride of his own and with Bill Sewall's wife and little three-year-old daughter. These women were backwoodswomen, self-reliant, fearless. What with their cheery voices, their thinking of scores of little things to make life more pleasant, their baking and putting all things in order at the ranch, they soon turned the house into a real home.

Now began happy days at Elkhorn, days of elemental toil and hardship, and of strong, elemental pleasures, rest after labor, food after hunger, warmth and shelter after bitter cold. No room here for social distinctions. Each respected and loved the other because each knew the other to be steadfast, loyal and true. Roosevelt saddled his own horse, fed the pigs and now and then washed his own clothes. Through the cold evenings he loved to stretch himself out at full length on the elk hides and wolf skins before the great fireplace while the blazing logs cracked and roared. Doubtless he often thought back then on his own life, and conjured up out of the glowing embers ghostly but mirth-provoking wraiths of the queer little boy that had once been Theodore Roosevelt.

What an alert, energetic, enthusiastic, little fellow he had been, having his fun in the small back yard of a city home. True, he had been frail in body originally, for he had acquired that tough physique of his only through persistent facing of hardships, but he had been lively enough in spite of his frailty, when it came to pursuing his hobbies. His first deep interest had been in natural history. O that Museum of Natural History he had founded at the age of nine! And the treatise he had written in a two-for-a-nickel note book, "Natural History on Insects," wherein with the most picturesque spelling he wrote of "beetles," "misqueto hawks," ants, etc., knowledge of whose "habbits" he

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declared he had gained entirely from his own "ofservation."

He had pursued the study of natural history with an almost ruthless singleness of purpose, just as he did all things throughout his life. If it seemed to him necessary for his studies that he keep a few dead field mice in the family refrigerator he did so; if he felt obliged to have a snake or two in the guest room water pitcher, that he did likewise. For a few years, whether in America, or in Europe, or journeying up the Nile with his parents, his brother and sister, he had the single aim of chasing down specimens for his study.

Never through his life did Theodore lose that interest in natural history, but gradually as he grew to be a youth there began to awaken in him other and deeper interests. He was thrilled by the heroes of the old epics. He wanted to be like them. He wanted to be of the company of the doers of deeds, men who faced life and death calmly with clear eyes and did not rate life too highly in the balance with what they deemed justice. And gradually he became more and more deeply aware of the struggle it is to translate dreams into reality. He saw ever more clearly that men accomplish the great purposes of their lives only through endless struggle against the laziness, the love of ease, the impurities, the doubts and fears of their own hearts. But every aspiration in him reached out to be one with those who, through all ages, have fought the battles of Right against Wrong and he determined to build up for himself a clean, valiant, fighting soul.

When he was graduated from college he decided that the real fighters of his day were the men who went into politics and used their weapons there in behalf of Justice and Fair Play, and so he joined the Twenty-fifth District Republican Association.

"But politics are so low," said his aristocratic friends with their noses in the air. "And political organizations are not controlled by gentlemen, but by saloon keepers, street car conductors and the like!"

MY BOOK HOUSE



AN IMPREGNABLE SHIELD
(From the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)

"Very well," replied Theodore with emphasis, "if saloon keepers and street car conductors are the men who are governing the United States, and lawyers and merchants are merely the ones being governed, then decidedly saloon keepers and street car conductors are the ones I want to know."

And off he went to attend meetings of the Association in a great barnlike hall over a saloon in 59th Street. Joe Murray, a stockily built Irishman with a strong chin and twinkling eyes, might not be so romantic as an old Norse Viking, but he was a good fighter

when it came to doing battle with the Political Ring and its "Big Boss" who had governed the Twenty-fifth District in their own interests for years. Young Roosevelt joined forces with Joe Murray, standing vehemently for whatever he deemed was right, and the first thing he knew he had defeated the Big Boss and his Ring and was elected a member of the New York State Assembly. There he was distinguishing himself for attacks on many corrupt practices when the death of his wife in 1883 sent him west to Chimney Butte.

The summer days following the coming of the women to Elkhorn were full of vigorous toil. Much of the time Roosevelt was away from the ranch on round-ups. He enjoyed enormously the rough but hearty comradeship of these gatherings which brought him in touch with the ranchmen and cowboys from

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hundreds of miles around. Whenever he arrived at the round-up he always reported at once to the Captain, who assigned him to some wagon-boss. He then deposited his bedding outside the ring in no one's way and ate his supper in silence, turning a deaf ear to certain gibing remarks that were certain to be made about "four eyes," for the cowboys regarded spectacles as the surest sign of a "dude." There were rough enough characters among those men, too, but Roosevelt's doctrine of "do your job and keep your mouth shut," as well as the absolute fearlessness with which he occasionally stood up to some "tough customer" who was trying to make sport of him, usually kept him out of trouble.

Work on the round-up began at three in the morning with a yell from the cook and lasted till sundown or sometimes all the night through. In the morning the cowboys "rode the long circle" in couples, driving into the wagon-camp whatever animals were found in the hills. The afternoon was spent in the difficult and dangerous work of "cutting out" of the herd thus gathered, the cattle belonging to the various brands. Representatives of each brand rode in succession into the midst of the herd, working the animal they were after gently to the edge, and then, with a sudden dash taking it off at a run.

One evening a heavy storm broke over the camp. There was a terrific peal of thunder, and the lightning struck almost into the herd. Heads and tails high, off plunged the panic-stricken cattle, and for forty hours Roosevelt was in the saddle driving them together again. After that the cow-punchers decided that the man with the four eyes "had the stuff in him" after all.

And so, quietly "doing his job" day by day, accepting the discipline of the camp and the orders of the Captain of the Round-up, Roosevelt gradually won a place for himself in the rough world of the Bad Lands. He was not a crack rider nor a fancy roper, but he was unflinchingly persistent in whatever he undertook and he put into all he did every ounce of energy and

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enthusiasm in him, so that he often outdid far more gifted men.

Winter passed and Spring came early that year at Elkhorn. About the middle of March a great ice jam came slowly drifting past the ranch, roaring and crunching, and piling the ice high on both banks, even grinding against the porch and the cottonwood trees and threatening to wash the house away. But the force of the freshet gradually carried the jam on. Then Bill Sewall discovered that their one and only boat had been stolen from its moorings.

Now there had recently been three suspicious characters seen in the neighborhood, thieves fleeing from justice, the leader of whom was a desperado named Finnegan, and the men did not doubt but that they had stolen the boat. Roosevelt had been made a deputy sheriff and he conceived it to be his duty to start out at once in search of these robbers. The country was impassable on horses or foot; so Sewall and Dow built a flat-bottomed boat, and in three days the men set out with sufficient provisions to last them for a fortnight.

The region through which they traveled was bleak and terrible. On either side beyond the piles of ice rose scarred buttes, weather-worn into the most fantastic shapes. It was zero weather, too, and there was an icy wind in their faces, but they found firewood in plenty and prairie fowl and deer for every meal. Late on the third day, on rounding a bend, they suddenly saw their boat moored to the shore. Out of the bushes a little way back rose the curling smoke of a camp-fire. The men leapt ashore and advanced cautiously through the underbrush. Beside the fire, in the shelter of a cut-bank, they saw a solitary figure with a gun on the ground beside him. Hands up! Roosevelt and Dow rushed on the man, a slow-witted German, who had been left to guard the camp while Finnegan and a half-breed Swede went out to hunt for game. The German made haste to obey.

After this, Sewall stood guard over the prisoner while Roosevelt

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and Dow crouched under the bank and waited for the other two robbers to appear. At the end of an hour they saw them leisurely coming through the grass. Roosevelt cried again, "Hands up!" The Swede obeyed but Finnegan glared and hesitated. Then Roose-



velt advanced on him, covering him with his gun, "You thief," he cried, "put up your hands!" With an oath Finnegan dropped his rifle and obeyed.

That night the men from Elkhorn camped where they were, guarding their prisoners well, but the next day they found that their return passage had been barred by the ice jam which had floated down from Elkhorn. Day after day they waited hoping for a thaw. Their provisions ran short and there was no game to be found in that neighborhood. They were reduced for food to unleavened bread made with muddy water. So the days passed with utter tediousness, and the thieves had to be watched every minute. At last Roosevelt, scouring the neighborhood, found an outlying cow-camp where he got a wiry, fractious little horse. On this he rode fifteen miles to a ranch where he secured supplies and a prairie schooner, hiring the ranchman to drive the wagon himself to the camp by the ice-bound river.

Thus thoroughly provisioned again, Sewall and Dow waited with the boats while Roosevelt started out with the thieves and the prairie schooner for the nearest jail, a desolate ten days' journey across the prairie. Not for a moment did Roosevelt

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dare abate his watch on the prisoners; so he made them get up into the wagon while he walked behind with his gun. Hour after hour, he waded through ankle-deep mud, hungry, cold, fatigued, but now, as ever, determined to carry the matter through at any cost. The very last night they put up at the squalid hut of a frontier granger, but Roosevelt, weary as he was, dared not sleep. He crowded the prisoners into an upper bunk and sat against the cabin door till dawn, his gun across his knee. On the following evening, with a sigh of relief, he deposited the thieves in prison.

And so Theodore Roosevelt, living, talking, working, facing dangers and suffering hardships with Dow, Sewall, Merrifield, Ferris and countless other stalwart citizens of the Bad Lands, came very close to the heart of the "plain American." But the day came at last when he found he must leave his beloved Elkhorn and return to New York. His ranch did not pay from the money standpoint. Moreover, he was to marry again, an old friend whom he had known as a little girl in New York, and life was calling him back to be a "doer of deeds" in another way.

Soon it was Dishonesty and Corruption instead of thieves and outlaws, that he was fighting as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission. In 1895 he was doing the same as Police Commissioner of the City of New York, and when the tyranny and cruelty of Spain toward the little island of Cuba forced the United States to declare war on Spain, Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President McKinley, resigned his post at once, and offered to fight evil once again by recruiting a regiment of mounted riflemen from among the skilled horsemen of the plains.

Of this organization, the Rough Riders, Leonard Wood was Colonel, and Theodore Roosevelt, Lieutenant Colonel. These were days for Roosevelt to remember his old friends of the Bad Lands and they came flocking to his standard. But the Rough

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Riders were not all cowboys; they were bronco-busters and Fifth Avenue aristocrats, western badmen and eastern college boys, a valiant, if motley crew.

After the first battle of Las Guasimos in the Cuban jungle, Wood was advanced in command and Roosevelt was made Colonel of the Rough Riders. So it happened that at the decisive battle of San Juan Hill on the road to Santiago, it was Roosevelt, his face streaked with dirt and sweat, his trousers and boots caked with Cuban mud, a blue bandana handkerchief with white polka dots floating like a banner from his soiled campaign hat, whom the Rough Riders followed in the face of a withering storm of Spanish shrapnel, over crest after crest of the San Juan Hills, on, on to victory.

Overnight, Roosevelt became a popular hero. He returned to the United States to be elected Governor of New York, and two years later at the National Republican Convention a perfect stampede of western delegates forced him against his will to accept the nomination for Vice-President of the United States with William McKinley as President.

It was only six months later that McKinley was shot by an anarchist at Buffalo and Roosevelt was summoned to step into his place and fill the highest post in the land. The news came to

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"NEXT"

(From the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*)

him in the heart of the Adirondacks where he had just been climbing Mt. Marcy. In a light buckboard wagon, dashing along almost on one wheel over a well-nigh impassable road that had been cut into gorges only a day or two before by a cloud-burst, Roosevelt went down through the night to the nearest railroad, to become President of the United States.

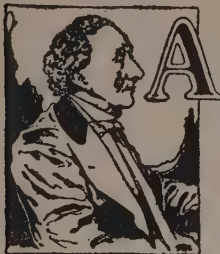
And now for a time he pursued no more buffalo and elk, but with the same dogged courage and persistence he had shown on the western plains, he pursued Big Business and Unjust Privilege, the Railroad Trust, the Beef Trust and all other big corporations which were defrauding the public. He settled a coal strike that threatened the welfare of all the country; he brought about peace between Russia and Japan in the days of the Russo-Japanese war; he put through the Panama Canal, and gradually he began to stand out everywhere in the world as the greatest and most typical American of his day, one who stood vigorously, aggressively if need be, for what he believed to be right, a man of action, using every ounce of energy and enthusiasm that was in him to translate ideals into accomplished facts.

T H E L A T C H K E Y

The Ugly Duckling

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Danish*, 1805-1875)

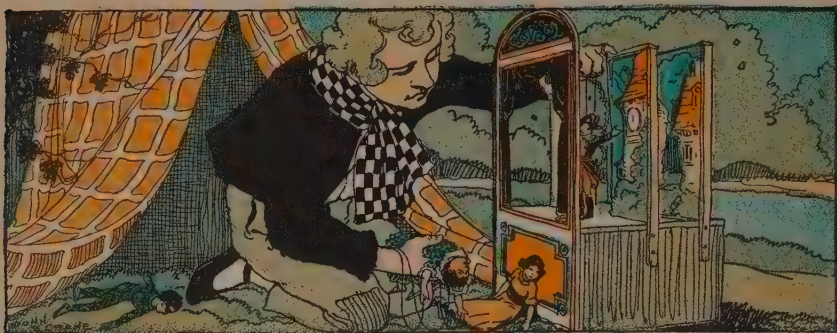
It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.



HUNDRED years or more ago there lived in the ancient city of Odense in Denmark, an awkward, overgrown, lean little boy, as lanky and ungainly as any ugly duckling. Hans Andersen's father was a cobbler, his mother a washerwoman, and they were so poor that they lived in one room under a steep gabled roof. This room had to be kitchen and parlor, workshop and bedroom all in one, but, poor as it was, it seemed to Hans wonderfully exciting. In every corner it was full of interesting things. The walls were covered with pictures; the tables and chests had shiny cups, glasses and jugs upon them; in the lattice window grew pots of mint; from the rafters hung bunches of sweet herbs, and there were always fresh green boughs hanging here and there about. Over by the window, where the sun streamed in, was a cobbler's work-bench and a shelf of books. But most interesting of all to Hans was the door of the room which was brightly painted with pictures. Often when the little fellow had gone to bed and his mother and father thought him fast asleep, he would lie awake to look at those pictures and make up stories about them. In the day time he liked to crawl up the ladder and out on the roof of the house, where, in the gutter between the Andersen's cottage and the one next door, there stood a box of earth in which Hans's mother had planted chives and parsley. This was their garden, for all the world like Kay and Gerda's garden in *The Snow Queen*.

Hans's father, though he passed his days pounding pegs into shoes, was a very well educated man, who had seen far better

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days. He loved to read, and spent all his spare time with books. This made him seem very different from his poor neighbors and even from his wife who had no education at all. He and Hans were great friends and they often went on long rambles into the woods together. While the father sat and thought, or read, Hans ran about and gathered wild strawberries or made pretty garlands of flowers. Aye, the boy liked well enough to go tramping with his father, he even liked to read as his father did, but when it came to learning lessons, that was a different matter. He had no more wish to do sums than a butterfly or a bird.

As a child he would play all alone out in the tiny garden behind the house. For hours he would sit near their one gooseberry bush, where, with the help of a broomstick and his mother's apron, he had made a little tent. Under this shelter he would sit cozily in all kinds of weather, fancying things and inventing stories. His father had made him some wonderful toys, pictures that changed their shape when pulled with a string, a mill which made the miller dance when it turned around, and a peep show of odd rag dolls. Hans liked best of all to play with this little toy theatre, for he was unusually fond of plays. He would dress up these little rag puppets and very seriously make them go through the actions of many a thrilling drama.

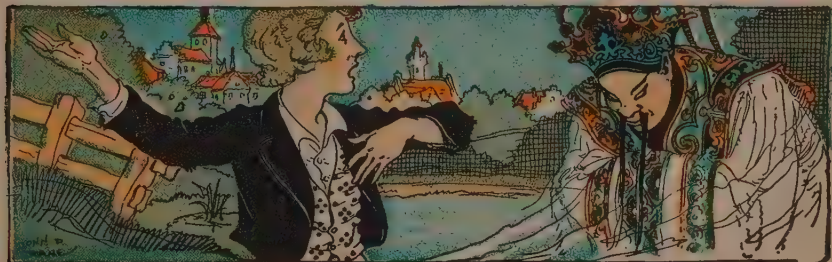
Occasionally, though very seldom, the boy went to school.

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Once he made friends at school with a little girl, to whom he told many remarkable stories. These stories were chiefly about himself, and his favorite one was how he was really of noble birth and not the son of the cobbler at all, only the fairies had changed him in his cradle and nobody knew the truth about him! One day he heard the little girl say, "Hans is a fool." Poor little Hans! He trembled and told her no more stories.

When Hans was only eleven years old his father died and he was left alone with his mother. He still continued to play with his toy theatre, but now it was reading, which, more than anything else, absorbed him and he read every book on which he could lay his hands. Best of all he loved Shakespeare. He liked particularly those plays where there were ghosts or witches. Indeed, he became so devotedly fond of the drama that he felt he must be an actor. He could sing well, too, he decided.

One day an old woman who was washing clothes in the river told Hans that the Empire of China lay down there under the water. Having taken no pains to learn anything about the world, Hans quite believed her and thought to himself that perhaps, on a moonlight night when he should be singing down by the water's edge, a Chinese prince, charmed by his marvelous music, would push his way up through the earth and take him down to China to make him rich and noble. Then the prince might let him return some day to Odense, where he would build a castle, to be envied and admired by all who had once despised him!



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Naturally enough, young Hans singing in the lanes, reading and playing theatre alone by himself at home, was despised and looked upon almost as a lunatic by the people of Odense. Tall, gawky boy that he was, he had a huge nose, tiny eyes and a long, lanky neck like a bird's. His feet and hands were as big as boats, and his clothes were always too small. Ah, he was the laughing stock of the neighborhood! Boys teased him and screamed after him, "There goes the play scribbler."

Wounded to the quick, Hans shrank away from them all and hid himself at home, to be safe from their mockery. He had not a single friend of his own age in Odense.

The gentry who lived round about, though they were amused by the cobbler's peculiar son, were also sorry for him. They laughed at his absurd ambitions to be a great writer, a singer or an actor, when he had never taken the trouble to get even the smallest education, but they tried, also, to induce him to go to school. For a time he did as they wished, but in school he was always dreamy and absent-minded, and he never bothered to study. Indeed, he tried to please his master by bringing him wild flowers instead of learning his lessons.

At length, at the age of fourteen, Hans came to the conclusion that, like the heroes he had read about in his books, he must set out into the world and seek his fortune. This meant that he would go to Copenhagen and find work at the theatre. He had heard of a wonderful thing called a ballet which seemed to him grander and finer than anything else in the world, and his head was full of a certain marvelous lady who danced in that ballet. Hans pictured this chief dancer as a sort of fairy queen, who should graciously condescend to help him and, by a single wave of her hand, make him famous.

Now Fru Andersen was rather alarmed at these plans of her son's; so she sought advice from a fortune-teller. That wise woman consulted the coffee grounds and solemnly announced that

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Hans Christian Andersen would be a very great man. One day all Odense should be illumined to do him honor! This statement seemed ridiculous, too utterly ridiculous. It was received with many a wink and shrug of the shoulders by knowing friends of the family, but it satisfied Hans's mother and she consented to let him go. So the boy confidently did up his little bundle, and with nine dollars in his pocket, took ship for Copenhagen.

Once arrived in the city, he hurried away to find his fairy queen, the chief dancer of the ballet, and he poured out in her wondering ears his longing to go on the stage. To show her what he could do, he took off his shoes and began dancing about in his stocking feet, using his hat for a drum and beating a lively tattoo! Needless to say, the graceful gambols of this overgrown giraffe terrified the poor lady. She took him for a lunatic and hastily showed him the door.

In spite of his disappointment, Hans persisted. He went to seek help from the Director of the Theatre, but it was only to meet with another rebuff. "None but educated men," said the director, "are engaged to go on the stage."

And so began the long series of Hans's adventures and disappointments. Ridiculous as he appeared to others, he respected himself sincerely and never lost his firm belief in his own ability. Some day something wonderful would happen to him surely! But he was keenly sensitive, too, and the constant rebuffs he met with always hurt him sorely. All the unhappiness of those days, as well as of his childhood, he expressed years later in the story of the Ugly Duckling, whose buffetings and miseries represent his own early trials.

He lived now in a garret in the poorest quarter of Copenhagen, and had nothing to eat but a cup of coffee in the morning and a roll later on in the day. True, he found friends who recognized his talent and wished to help him, but he was too proud to take from them more than was absolutely necessary. He would

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pretend that he had had plenty to eat and that he had been dining out with friends, rather than accept their charity. He would say, too, that he was quite warm when his clothes were threadbare and his boots so worn and leaky that his feet were sopping with water. The courage and determination he showed at this time were really remarkable in a lad only fifteen years old. Once

he sent a play which he had written to the Royal Theatre, never doubting in his childish ignorance but that it would be accepted. Here should begin his grand and glorious fortunes! Here all his dreams should begin to come true. Alack! the play came back to him all too soon with the curt comment that it showed such a lack of education as to be absolutely absurd. Here was a blow indeed, a hard blow to the boy's high hopes. But he would not be put down. Nothing daunted, he swallowed his disappointment once again, and wrote another play. This time those who read his manuscript at the theatre were surprised to discover that it showed unmistakable signs of talent, and they advised Andersen's friends to ask the King for money to send the boy to school.

Frederick VI of Denmark was like the kind kings in Andersen's stories. He arranged at once that Hans should be sent to school, and from then on he helped the boy until he was able to care for himself. Hans was not happy in school, however. There he was, a great hulking lad of seventeen, having to go into classes with the very smallest boys. He had plenty of opportunity now to wish that he had applied himself in earlier days to his lessons.

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But though he worked hard, both here and later at the University in Copenhagen, he found it difficult to learn, and was generally thought a dunce. He continued to write poems, plays and sketches, which were one and all pronounced wishy-washy and silly. He failed again and again. Yet in the very bottom of his heart, in spite of all his failures, something always said, "I can," and his faith in himself never faltered.

At length, Frederick VI allowed him money for foreign travel, and he set forth to visit Italy, Germany and France. In Italy, among the ruins of old Rome that dot the Campagna, he found his inspiration for his first successful novel, *The Improvisatore*, which was published on his return to Copenhagen.

During all this time Andersen had been looking solely to his novels and plays to win him recognition. But while he was doing work of the most ordinary merit in this line, he had one admirable talent which he never even dreamed of taking seriously. Odense, his birthplace, was a rich treasure house of legends and folk lore, and sometimes, just to amuse the children of his friends, he would gather the little ones about him and weave these old legends into the most wonderful of stories. He would tell these tales in the liveliest manner, never bothering about grammar, but using childish words, and as he talked he would act and jump about and make remarkable faces. The children were delighted.

Perceiving all this, Andersen's friends at length suggested to him that he should write down these stories to make a book. At first he laughed at such an idea, but finally, more in fun than in earnest, he consented to the plan and wrote the stories down exactly as he had told them. This made them different from anything else that had ever been published in Denmark. Most people, when they write, have a formal, stilted manner, quite different from their ordinary conversation, but Andersen's tales were written in the same lively, simple, informal style in which he had told them. In this lay their peculiar charm. The critics,

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of course—that is, those who were not too grand even to look at such childish trash—criticized the stories for this informal style and bewailed the lack of elegance in their wording. Even Andersen himself did not take these “small things” seriously. Little did he dream that it was to be his fairy tales and nothing else which should win him his lasting fame. In them he gave free rein to his wonderful fancy. In them he embodied all the childlike simplicity of his great and loving heart. Soon the stories became so popular that they were translated into one foreign language after another, and while Andersen’s novels and plays have long since been forgotten, it is due to his fairy tales that he is still known and loved throughout the world.

The recognition thus won by Andersen after so many years of struggle was, to him, a source of constant wonder and delight. That he, the son of a poor washerwoman and a cobbler, should now be the friend of princes and kings, seemed to him more marvelous than any story of Cinderella. Often when he was enjoying some quite ordinary luxury which most people take for granted, such as lying on a sofa in a new dressing gown, surrounded by books, he would think of his childhood and wonder. On his travels, too, he found himself welcomed everywhere on the friendliest terms by the greatest men in the literature of his day. Now, when he passed along the streets of Copenhagen, those who caught sight of him would cry, “There goes the great poet!” Quite different from the days when the boys had shrieked after him, “There goes the play scribbler!”

On December sixth, 1867, when Andersen was sixty-two years old, the prophecy made so long ago to his mother was fulfilled. In Odense, the city of his birth, the once scorned and ugly little boy was greeted with an immense celebration. To do him honor, all the town, from end to end, was one great blaze of light. And so, at last, the ugly duckling turned out, in truth, to be a swan.

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A Spanish Hero

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES (*Spanish*, 1547-1616)

AQUAINT, old market place in a little old town in Spain and a crowd of simple folk gaping about a band of strolling players. There sat young Miguel and watched them, open mouthed with interest. A blanket, hung over two ropes in the open square, formed the sole decoration of this theatre, and the actors went through the performance wearing worn old beards and wigs, and clad in naught more elegant than white sheep-skin dresses trimmed with gilt leather. Crude! And yet Miguel drank it all in, and the verses of those comedies fixed themselves in his memory. Sometimes the young fellow took a hand himself at writing verses, but he liked adventure best and longed to be up and doing.

As soon as the opportunity offered, Miguel left Spain and was off to Rome to become a page in the household of an envoy of the Pope. But the life of a page meant little more than bowing and scraping, bowing and scraping. It was slow and uneventful enough. How could a boy like Miguel pass his days in such a manner? He longed for action, bold and vital, and so he resigned his post and enlisted as a soldier in a Spanish regiment in Italy.

At this time Pope Pius V was organizing a Holy League against the Turks, whose barbarous conquests and inroads into Europe were alarming all Christendom. This league consisted of the Papal States, Venice and Spain, and their forces were to be commanded by the famous Don John of Austria, a brilliant general who was half brother to King Philip II of Spain. The fleet of these three powers was the largest that had ever sailed under a Christian flag. It consisted of galleys rowed by criminals under sentence, while the oarsmen of the Turkish fleet were all captive Christians who had been made slaves.

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The object of the allies was to recover the island of Cyprus from the Turks and to set these unfortunate Christians free. When they set sail, Miguel was aboard one of the vessels, feeling for the first time beneath his feet the deck of a war galley rising and plunging with the bounding waves of the sea.

In the Gulf of Lepanto the allies fell in with the enemy, and engaged in a furious battle. Miguel was acting only as a common soldier on that great day, but he behaved with conspicuous heroism. Placing himself at the head of a dozen men he took a position exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. From here he boarded one of the Turkish galleys and engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the fierce and barbarous foe. In the course of the battle he received three gunshot wounds, two piercing his breast and one shattering his left hand, which was maimed for the rest of his life, but his conduct won for him the applause of all his comrades. The Christian fleet was victorious. One hundred and seventy Turkish galleys were captured and 15,000 Christian galley slaves set free.

A great storm followed this mighty victory, the sea rose with terrific strength, and Don John sailed away with his wounded men to Messina. Here he left Cervantes to recover his health, graciously bestowing upon him a special grant of money in return for his gallant services, but so eager was Miguel to be at the front again, that as soon as his wounds were healed, he was off to rejoin Don John.

And now the Christians once again engaged the Turkish fleet in battle. This time, however, they met with a sorry defeat. It was evident that the Turkish power was not to be broken by sea; so Cervantes and his comrades sailed off to the African coast and began a long campaign against the strongholds on land. For months the white walls of Tunis defied them, and then, at last, the city was conquered and fell. But, alas, the allies held their hard won prize for only too brief a period.

THE LATCH KEY

Soon the Turks came swarming in and drove them out again.

Thus passed four years of struggle, during which Cervantes knew all the hardships of war, the joys of victory and the sorrows of defeat. Having been away from home six years, and finding himself now worn and wounded in his country's service, he at length asked leave to return to his native land. This permission was granted him, and with his brother, Rodrigo, he left Naples on a galley called *El Sol*, bearing letters from Don John to the mighty King Philip II. In these letters Don John recommended the stalwart soldier as "a man of valor, and of signal services."

But just at the very moment when Miguel and Rodrigo were rejoicing at catching a glimpse of the Spanish coast once again, just as they first saw it glistening in the sunshine and smiling a welcome home, there bore down upon them suddenly a squadron of Turkish pirates under a hideous captain who was the terror of the Mediterranean. There followed a desperate fight, but the pirate galleys were far too strong. Cervantes and a number of Spanish comrades were taken prisoners and carried away to Africa.

The young Spaniards now found themselves placed at the



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mercy of a savage Greek who was noted for wild ferocity. As the letters from Don John were found on Cervantes' person, he was believed to be a prize of great value, for whom a large ransom might be demanded. Heavily loaded with chains, he was sent off to Algiers, which, for centuries, was the stronghold of the fierce Algerian pirates. Tier above tier, in gleaming white stone, the city climbed up the hillside from the coast, to be crowned by an ancient fortress; and there amid the narrow, dirty streets, the rich, heavily scented Oriental bazaars, Cervantes was held for five long years a prisoner, subject to every caprice of his conqueror, and treated with sternest severity.

During his captivity, however, the sturdy Spaniard never once lost his courage nor his gay and cheerful humor. Adversity brought out the finest qualities of his character. Never was he too miserable to laugh, to smile, or to joke. Persistently, and with great ingenuity, he organized plans of escape, the failure of one plan never deterring him from setting to work at once to prepare another. On one occasion he even succeeded in getting himself and a party of comrades out of the city, but at the critical moment, a Moor who had been engaged to act as their guide, treacherously deserted them. The fugitives were obliged to return to Algiers and Miguel was severely punished.

The next year a sum of money was sent over by the parents of Cervantes, but it was not sufficient to induce the corsairs to release him. Instead, they set his brother, Rodrigo, free. Rodrigo left for home with secret instructions to request that a war vessel be sent from Spain to rescue the other prisoners, and Cervantes himself set about at once making all necessary arrangements to escape when the time should come.

He gathered together about fifty Spanish fugitives and concealed them in a cave outside the city. Here they lived all huddled together for six months while they waited, and Cervantes actually managed to have them supplied with food during all

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that weary time. At last, after weeks of patient endurance, came the day when the ship was to be expected. Cervantes and his comrades were filled with joy. And then came another blow. Just when freedom seemed so certainly in sight, a traitor betrayed their secret to the pirates, a force of armed Turks discovered their hiding place and captured them one and all. Cervantes immediately took on himself the blame for their scheme of flight. He alone, he declared, was responsible for the plan. The Turks threatened torture, even death, but still he refused to implicate any one of his comrades.

Now the governor of Algiers in those days was a terrible old fellow, one Hassan Pasha, who did not hesitate, as a rule, to hang, impale or mutilate any who were unfortunate enough to be his prisoners. It was to the feet of this monster that Cervantes found himself dragged. But he stood before him holding his head so high, so utterly quiet and calm, that the tyrant was overawed by his astounding fearlessness and did nothing more terrible than utter some hideous threats.

At last, at the end of five years, friends and relatives in Spain raised sufficient ransom money to set the captives free. And thus, after eleven long years' absence, Cervantes made his way home. He reached Spain to find his family impoverished, his patron, Don John of Austria, dead, and no one to speak a good word for him to the haughty and selfish King Philip. Spain at this time, in 1580, was at the very height of her power, dominating the world by land and sea, wringing gold, gold, gold from her people at home and bearing it in great treasure ships from her distant colonies in Mexico and Peru. Imperial ambition and the worship of force were the keynotes to Philip's character, and he had little time to waste thought on a worn-out soldier like Miguel. What heartaches were now in store in Spain for the gallant Spaniard! His services, his work, his sufferings were all forgotten—and yet from these trials also he emerged



sweetened and strengthened, still in possession of his gay courage and his dauntless good humor.

In the most straitened circumstances, he married and settled down, and now there was naught to do, but to take up once more his old pastime of writing. The most popular Spanish writer of the day was one Lope de Vega. He turned out plays by the score and was rich and honored, with many powerful friends, while Cervantes had no friends and no crumb of royal favor. In face of these disadvantages, and struggling against poverty, he wrote his greatest work, *Don Quixote*. No sooner did this book appear in 1605, than behold! it found instant favor with the people. But not so with the literary men! No, indeed! They turned up their noses at it. Quoth Lope de Vega, the Great, from his height of superiority: "No poet is so bad as Cervantes nor so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*."

The books the good people in those days read, were mostly pompous old romances of chivalry, recording the absurd adventures of wonderful knights-errant who wandered about the world rescuing captive princesses from castles and performing the most impossible deeds of prowess. Cervantes, with his knowledge of life as it really was, found that these tales tickled his humor.

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They made him laugh, good naturedly indeed, but still they made him laugh, with their solemnity, their stupidity, their perfect impossibility. It was to show up the absurdity of such books that he wrote *Don Quixote*, but so fertile was his imagination and so varied had been his own experiences, that at the same time he succeeded in getting into his work a wonderfully graphic picture of Spanish life in his day, bringing in all classes of society, and recounting many of his own adventures as a soldier. Moreover, the broad humanity he had learned in his hard Algerian experiences, permeated with its sweet spirit all of the story.

See him, old *Don Quixote*, a ridiculous figure in a way and yet a most delightful and great-hearted old gentleman filled with generous and high-minded sentiments. In spite of the absurdity of his adventures he is always courteous and kindly, the champion of the down-trodden and the protector of the weak. From the name *Don Quixote* the word "quixotic" has crept into nearly every language in the civilized world and conveys precisely the knight's character. It means a man with impossible, extravagantly romantic and chivalrous notions, who is yet a true champion of the right. Great as the book was, however, nobody guessed in those days that it was to be one of the greatest books in the world, translated into more foreign languages than any other, except the *Bible* and *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Cervantes continued to live for some time after this in squalid poverty, cooped up with his family in the poorest part of Valladolid. In 1616 he died in Madrid and was buried with no ceremony. No stone or inscription marks his grave. Thirty years later, when Lope de Vega died, grandees bore his coffin, bishops officiated at his funeral and the ceremonies lasted nine days. Ah! when will the world learn to judge the real value of men! Today, Lope de Vega with all his splendor, is quite forgotten, while Miguel de Cervantes is honored everywhere.

DON QUIXOTE retold by Judge Parry, illustrated in color by Walter Crane.

A Caged Bird in India*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (*East Indian*, 1861—)



THE day was cloudy. Rabi was playing in the long verandah with its white columns overlooking the road. All at once Satya began to cry: . "Policeman! Policeman!" Satya was Rabi's sister's son but he was older than Rabi. He wanted to frighten the child.

Now Rabi's ideas of policemen were extremely vague. Of one thing only was he certain. When a policeman came and took a boy away, that boy was seen no more! With shudders running down his back for fear of pursuing policemen, Rabi bolted towards the inner apartments and flung himself down at his mother's feet to tell her of the sorry fate overhanging the head of her son. The news did not seem to disturb her much,—no, not at all. However, Rabi did not deem it safe to venture out again. He sat down on the sill of his mother's door and picked up the dog-eared *Ramayana* with a marbled paper cover which belonged to his great aunt. Soon he was lost in the story of Rama and Sita, and weeping for the pity of it.

It was a huge, rambling, old white house where Rabi lived in Calcutta, an irregular mass three stories high, built around little inner courtyards, with rows of white pillars.

Rabi had run for safety into the inner rooms, the zenana or women's quarters, but it was not there that he lived. Little as he was, he was kept under the care of servants in the men's part of the house, which was all on the outside of the building. Here he was a tiny prisoner, forbidden to leave the grounds for even so much as a peep at the outside world. It was so with Satya,

*Told from MY REMINISCENCES by Tagore

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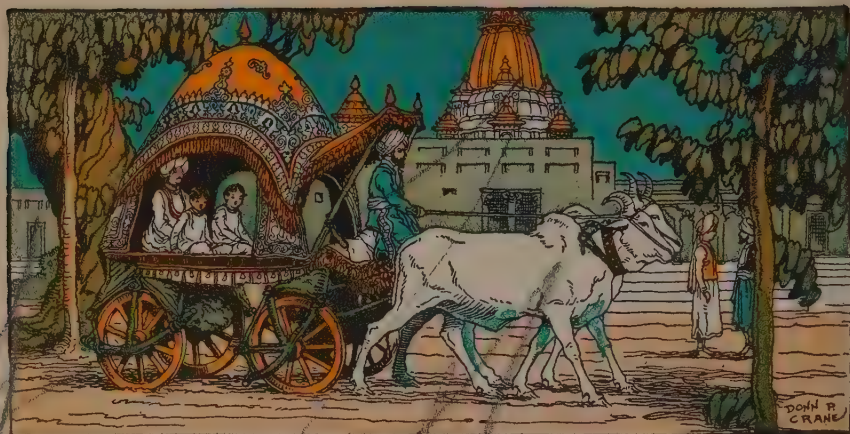
too, and Rabi's older brother. Except that they were taken to and from school daily in the carriage, they were not permitted to go beyond the walls of their garden.

In the zenana they were not too often welcome. There lived Rabi's mother and his great aunt and his sisters and the wives of his elder brothers, all in the strict seclusion that is the custom with Eastern women. To many the zenana seemed only a place of confinement, but not so with little Rabi. To such a caged bird it seemed the abode of all freedom. There one had no studies but played about all day. Through the glass doors of the cabinets he could catch glimpses of all sorts of curious playthings, creations of porcelain and glass, gorgeous in coloring and ornamentation. One of the sisters-in-law even had a model war-ship under a glass case which, when wound up, rocked on blue-painted silken waves to the tinkling of a musical box. These rare and wonderful objects seemed to tinge with an additional attraction the lure of the inner apartments. But if Rabi so much as drew near, his youngest sister, with queue dangling down her back, would be sure to bar his way and cry: "What d'you boys want here? Get away outside!"

There was no coddling or pampering for the boys in the outer apartments under the stern hard rule of the servants,—you may be sure of that. Each of them wore a single cotton tunic in summer. In colder weather to keep them warm they had a second tunic and never by any means did they wear socks or shoes until they were ten years old.

The elders of the family were in every way at a very great distance from the boys, in their dress and food, in all their living and doings. The boys might catch glimpses of them, but they felt them to be utterly out of reach.

One of the servants, Shyam, put Rabi, when he was a very little fellow, in a choice spot in the servant's quarters and drew a ring around him with a piece of chalk. Then, with uplifted finger and solemn face, he bade the child never dare to step



outside that charmed circle. Having thus made sure of him, he left him alone. Just what would happen if he did leave the circle, Rabi never knew, but had he not read in the *Ramayana* of all the troubles that came to Sita because she left the charmed circle drawn around her by Lakshman? Rabi stayed where he was.

Just below the windows of this room in the garden there was a tank of water with a flight of narrow steps leading down into it. On the west bank of the pond along the garden wall was an immense banyan tree, to the south a fringe of cocoanut palms. Little Rabi, imprisoned in his circle, had no picture book to look at, but he would spend the whole day peering through the drawn Venetian blinds down on the scene below. From early morning the neighbors kept dropping in to take a bath in that tank, one stopping his ears with his fingers as he took the regulation number of dips, another jumping in from the top step with no preliminaries whatever, a third going down slowly, step by step, and muttering his morning prayers as he went.

Way beyond, out of Rabi's reach, lay that limitless thing called the "Outside," which he so seldom saw, though flashes and sounds

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and scents of it used often to come and touch him through the cracks in the blinds. Sometimes, when he was a little older, he would go up to the terrace on one of the roofs when the quiet of noonday slumber was over all the house. Then he would look away over the varying shapes and heights of the terraced roofs of Calcutta as they flashed back in blazing whiteness the glare of the midday sun. Some of these far distant dwellings had stairways on the outside leading up to the terrace, and these seemed to wink and beckon to him. From below in the lane somewhere came drifting up the sing-song cry of the bangle seller,—chai, choori, chai. His whole being flew away at such times, to some far-away land of dreams.

Rabi's father was hardly ever at home. He was constantly roaming about, for he had estates in different parts of India. Most often he was up amid the snow peaks of the Himalaya mountains, thinking, dreaming and writing. Thus Rabi, save for one brother and Satya, was a lonely little fellow. The clouds in

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the sky, the flowers and leaves in the garden, and his own vivid fancies were his best beloved companions.

Sometimes Rabi played school. The bars of the wooden railing on the verandah were his scholars. He knew the bright ones from the stupid, and he beat them unmercifully with a cane whenever they failed to know their lessons. It was thus he himself was treated at school, and it never entered his head that there could be any other way to play the part of a schoolmaster. Early and late, all day long, the boys must study, and in the evening they had English lessons, for their native language was Bengali. Not until after nine o'clock were they free to do as they chose.

The first time Rabi ever really went away from home was one year when the family paid a visit to an estate on the river Ganges. How he loved it there! In front of the servant's quarters there was a grove of guava trees. Sitting in the verandah under the shade of these, Rabi gazed at the swift-flowing river. Every day there was the ebb and flow of the tide, the various gaits of so many different boats, the shifting of the shadows.

But there was one thing here on the Ganges that Rabi longed for with all his heart. He wished to see a Bengal village, a real Bengal village. Such a one lay just beyond the garden wall. There would be clusters of little cottages, thatched pavilions, and a bathing place with people gathered together talking or playing games. Rabi saw it all in fancy. He longed to see it in very truth. But here, too, as in Calcutta, he was only a caged bird forbidden to pass the garden gate.

One morning two of his elders went for a stroll in the village. Rabi could restrain his eagerness no longer. He slipped out after them unperceived and followed at a distance. What an adventure! He went along the deeply shaded lane with its close thorny hedge, beside the bathing place covered with green water weeds. Rapturously he took in picture after picture. Then suddenly the elders became aware of his presence behind them.

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"Get away! Get away! Go back at once," they scolded.

There was nothing for it. Rabi must return. The "Beyond" was thus shut out from him completely at the rear of the estate, but fortunately, in front, the Ganges freed him from all bondage. Whenever it listed, his mind could embark on the boats gaily sailing along and hie away to lands not named in any geography.

In those days the lonely little fellow sometimes amused himself by writing his thoughts in poetry. His father and brothers were writers. Why should he not write too? Many a time, when Rabi was at home in Calcutta, he leaned at night-time against the verandah railings, and stared from his place in the darkness across at rows of lighted casements in the separate building opposite which comprised the reception rooms of the house. Splendid carriages would draw up under the portico; visitors would constantly come and go. What was happening he could not make out. Why did he hear such waves of merriment? As a matter of fact, his older brothers and cousins were entertaining their friends, exchanging literary views, reading poems and often performing plays which one among them had written; a group of intelligent young men, devoted heart and soul to India, determined, though they bowed to British rule, not to give India over wholly to western civilization, but to keep her ancient spirit alive in manners of dress, in music, in literature and art.

For Rabi's father everyone had an enormous reverence. On the few occasions when he came home, Rabi would see his elders formally robed in their chogas, passing to his rooms in the third story with restrained gait and sober mien. The old mace-bearer, Kinu, with his white livery and crested turban, stood on guard at the door and warned the children not to be boisterous in the verandah in front of his rooms at the time of his midday nap. Then they would walk past quietly talking in whispers, and dared not even take a peep inside.

When Rabi, his brother and Satya were old enough, there

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came the important ceremony of investing them with the sacred thread, a ceremony through which all boys of the Brahmin caste must pass ere they become full-fledged Brahmins. To see this ceremony properly carried out with all the old Vedic rites, the elder Tagore came home, and for days thereafter, seated in the prayer hall, the boys were taught to chant in accents quite correct, parts of the sacred writings. Finally with shaven heads and gold rings in their ears, they were sent off for a three days' retirement in the depths of the third story above. Here they were supposed to think and meditate and on no account to be seen by any non-Brahmin. The Brahmins are the highest caste in India, and for any of lower caste to look at them during this sacred time was regarded as a sin. But the *Book of Boy Nature* is older and more authentic than any *Book of Ceremonies*. Those three lively boys did little meditating. They seized each other by the gold earrings and pulled each other's ears. In one of the rooms of their retreat, they found a little drum. With this they stood out on the verandah, and whenever they caught sight of a servant passing below, they beat a lively tattoo, which would cause the man to look up. Ah, they had made a non-Brahmin look at them, and they giggled with delight as he turned away his eyes and beat a hasty retreat.

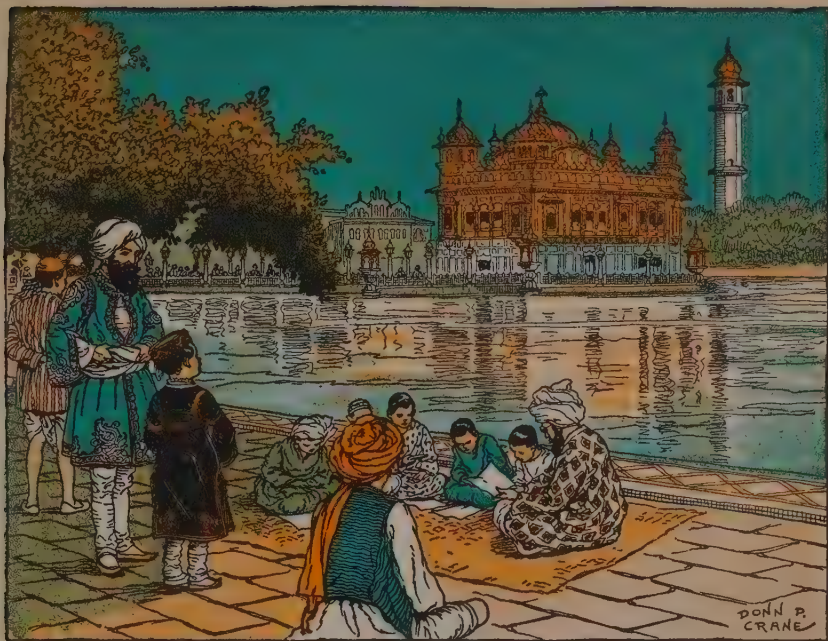
When Rabi had thus attained full Brahminhood, his shaven head caused him a deal of anxiety. He did not wish to show it at school. The English and European boys would be sure to jeer at him. While he was worrying over this, he was one day summoned upstairs to his father.

"How would you like to go with me to the Himalayas?" his father asked him.

Away from the Bengal Academy and off to the Himalayas! Would he like it? O that he could have rent the skies with his shout of joy!

On the day of leaving home, Rabi's father, as was his habit,

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assembled the whole family in the prayer hall for divine service. Then Rabi stepped with him into the carriage. For the first time in his life the boy had a whole suit of clothes made expressly for him. His father himself had selected the pattern and color, and, to complete the costume, there was a velvet cap embroidered with gold. Satya had traveled on a train before and he had told Rabi that unless one was very expert, getting into a railway carriage was a truly dangerous affair,—the least slip and all would be over! Then again, a fellow had to hang on to his seat with all his might, otherwise the jolt at starting was so tremendous that there was no telling where one might be thrown. When Rabi got to the railway station he was all a-quiver, but so easily did he get into their compartment and so smoothly did the train glide off that his love of adventure was shocked. He was woefully

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disappointed. The train sped on; the broad fields with their blue-green border trees and villages nestling in their shade, flew past in a stream of pictures.

First they halted at the Tagore estate at Bolpur. In order to teach the boy to be careful, Rabi's father now gave him a little money to spend and required him to keep an account of it. He also entrusted his son with the duty of winding his watch, overlooking the risk of danger to so valuable an object, in his desire to train the boy to a sense of responsibility; and Rabi wound that watch with such untiring zeal that it very soon had to go back for repairs to the watchmaker in Calcutta.

After Bolpur the two went on to Amritsar to see the beautiful golden temple where God is worshipped with sacred chanting. Passing the bazaar of red cloth shawls and scarves, above which one could catch just a glimpse of the golden spire, they came to a little lake, and there on an islet in the midst of the bright blue waters stood the glistening white marble jewel, approached by a graceful bridge.

From Amritsar the white peaks of the Himalayas called them upward. As they journeyed along in a jhampan or sedan chair, borne by servants, they saw the terraced hillsides aflame with the beauty of flowering spring crops. Every morning they made a start after their bread and milk, and before sunset they took shelter in the bungalow at the next stage. Rabi's eyes had no rest the livelong day, so great was his fear lest anything should escape him,—roaring waterfalls, wild gorges, the holy land of the Himalayas, dwelling place of the snow.

At evening when they reached the end of a stage, Rabi's father had chairs placed for the two outside the bungalow and there they sat. As dusk came on, the stars blazed out wonderfully through the clear mountain atmosphere, and the father showed Rabi the constellations and told him wonder tales of astronomy.

The house they had taken at Bakrota was on the highest hill-

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top whence they could see a range of distant snow-peaks shimmering in the sun. It was bitterly cold there, though it was nearing May. In the shade the snow was still unmelted. And now Rabi's father, who had once seemed so far above him, became a genial companion, talked with him, helped him in his studies and told him amusing stories. When study hours were over, the lad was free to wander where he would, down into the thick gloom of a lordly forest of deodar trees or up into the mountains from one peak to another. It was splendid, glorious! It was his first taste of freedom.

After a few months spent like this, Rabi was sent home to Calcutta in the care of a servant, brimming with health and spirits and conspicuous in his gold-embroidered cap. When he reached home, the little traveler was full of the story of his travels, and now, wonder of wonders, the closed doors of the zenana opened to him as if by magic. He, little Rabi, the exile, was welcome in the inner apartments. No more was he to live in the harsh lovelessness of the servant's quarters. He had stories to tell, he could repeat parts of the *Ramayana* by heart! He could be interesting to the women! And so he was returned to a proper place in the inner part of the house. His mother, his sisters, his sisters-in-law, all made much of him. It was too good to believe!

In days to come Rabi would go to study in England, he would marry, he would manage his father's estates on the Ganges, he would found a model school for boys with freedom and self-government and none of the merciless punishments that had troubled his own boyhood, he would write poems and plays both in Bengali and English, he would win the Nobel prize for literature and become one of India's greatest men, but never in his life was he to know a prouder moment than this, when first he came home in his little velvet cap and the long-closed doors of the zenana opened and took him in.

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A Wizard of the Twilight

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (*English*, 1772-1834)



HALF way up a wooded hill near a little village in Devon is a cave called the Pixies' Parlor. Its ceiling is formed by the roots of ancient trees, all black with age and weirdly intertwined. Within those dusky depths, good housewives tell their bairns, the pixies dwell; and from that place, when the moon fades shadowy pale, and clouds go scudding across the sky, they issue forth to dance.

A boy once loved the witchery of that fantastic spot. Samuel Taylor Coleridge,—he carved his name upon its walls and there he dreamed of pixies, and all the pranks they play beneath the midnight moon.

Samuel was the son of a poor clergyman of Ottery Saint Mary, and he was the youngest of ten children who crowded the little old vicarage almost to bursting. It was a pretty village where he was born, with an old church tower whose bells made music all day long. Over the fresh green fields around the town he loved to ramble, down flowery lanes, or along by the river Otter, where tall tree-shadows slept on the quiet waters. But, as he rambled, he was not Samuel Coleridge, the clergyman's son, at all. He was St. George delivering the world from the dragon. In vivid fancy he went through all the moving details of that heroic story, and when it came to cutting off the head of the dragon, he felt himself to be St. George with such terrific vim that he took his stick and slashed off the heads of all the weeds that grew by the roadside.

But when Samuel was only ten years old his father died, and, as his family was poor, his little belongings were all bundled up, and he was packed off to a charity school, called Christ's Hos-

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pital, in London. And now he roamed no more the flowery fields and lanes of Devon. Clad in a long blue coat with yellow stockings, the uniform of the school, he found himself a dweller in the city, pent up among gray walls, where he saw nothing lovely except the sky and stars.

He was, indeed, a miserable little fellow, pale and half-starved, neglected and sometimes whipped. His only escape from such wretchedness was in the magic of his fancy, and, as he walked the streets of London, he dreamed just as he had in Devon.

One day he was walking along the crowded Strand, fancying that he was Leander swimming the Hellespont. Quite blind to the throng of people pressing about him he began taking strokes with his arms to accomplish his feat in swimming. Suddenly a man's voice cried: "Stop, you young thief!"

There stood an angry old gentleman to waken the lad from his dream. In a flourish of his swimming Samuel had touched his coat, and the stranger was convinced that the shabby little rascal had meant to pick his pocket.

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"Ah, sir," cried Samuel, "I did not mean to touch your pocket. I thought I was Leander swimming the Hellespont!"

Well! Well! Well! The old gentleman opened his eyes and steadied his glasses and looked curiously at the boy before him. But soon he was bending over to question the lad with interest, and when he discovered how poor he was, and that he longed more than anything else in the world for books, he was touched to the depths of his kindly heart, and bought the boy a subscription to a circulating library. Thereafter, Samuel, being no less hungry in mind than he was in stomach, devoured these books with eagerness, and they nourished his dreams and visions.

For eight long years Samuel lived at the charity school in London, but when he was eighteen means were found to send him to Cambridge University. Under the shadow of those classic old gray towers, he proved a brilliant student in all literary subjects.

On a certain winter evening he was supping with a college friend, when, on leaving for home, he carelessly took away with him a book called "The Robbers," by the German poet, Schiller. A winter midnight, the wind high, and "The Robbers" to read for the very first time! Though there was not a single goblin in all the tale, it gave Samuel the most delicious creeps, and filled him with splendid horrors. And then, with all a boy's love for such uncanny thrills, he longed to be the wizard who could conjure up moods like that, and move men out of the humdrum to feel as he felt that night.

But if Samuel loved all literary subjects, alack for mathematics! He loved mathematics not at all. Mathematics were to him a bugbear. And so, as time passed, what with this and other troubles, he grew more and more discontented, and one fine day he left college and ran away to join the army.

Now behold Master Samuel Coleridge, having taken the name of Comerback which he chanced at the moment of enlistment

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to see over the door of a shop, a private in the dragoons! And an awkward private he was! He could not ride a horse; he could not even rub down his horse; he could not learn to drill. In fact, he was Chief of the awkward squad, and in such a situation he was very unhappy, indeed. He spent much time in the public tap-room of the inn at Reading, wrapped deep in thought, and there, 'mid the flaring lights and the boisterous noise of the common soldiers who were drinking at tables about him, he composed a poem called *Religious Musings*, a very strange poem certainly to have issued from a tap-room.

At length, one day, when his unhappiness seemed more than he could bear, he wrote on the white wall of the stables, just beneath his saddle, the following sentence in Latin:

"Alack! how miserable it is for those who are unfortunate to have been happy!"

Soon the captain of the troop came along and saw the sentence.

"Well, well!" said he to himself. "What man among the private soldiers is scholar enough to write a sentence in Latin?" And he enquired of a dragoon standing by whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged.

"Please, your honor, to Comerback," answered the dragoon.

"Comerback," said the Captain, "send him to me."

In a short time Comerback presented himself and saluted with the inside of his hand in front of his cap.

His officer said mildly: "Comerback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?"

"Please, your honor," answered the soldier, "I wrote it."

"Then, my lad," said the Captain, "you are not what you appear to be," and thinking that a youth of so much education did not belong among the common soldiery, he added: "I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend."

Accordingly, Comerback was taken before the General and

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when it was discovered that he had been a student at Cambridge and had run away to enlist, he was given his discharge. Soon a chaise appeared at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading; the officers of the Fifteenth cordially shook the young man's hand, and off he drove, not without a tear, along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.

But, though Coleridge returned to Cambridge, he soon left the university a second time without obtaining a degree. And now he formed an enthusiastic friendship with two other young poets, Robert Southey and Lovell, the Quaker.

Southey was an eager young fellow who had passed his boyhood at the home of an aunt, reading and writing plays. When he was in school at Westminster, he had proved his independence by writing an essay against flogging, for which he had been promptly expelled from the institution. Coleridge met Southey just after he had left Oxford University where he had studied for two years.

Now those were the days when the common people, across the channel in France, had risen against the tyranny of their kings, had declared themselves for liberty, equality and brotherhood, and established a republic in place of their age-old kingdom. These events stirred the three young men in England to the very depths of their souls.

"A republic of brotherhood and equality is the ideal state for all men," they declared, and they put their heads together and worked out a wonderful plan. They would cross the ocean to America; on the banks of the Susquehanna River they would found an ideal state. There all men should be equal, all men should be brothers, selfishness should be no more, and goodness should reign supreme. Each one, for a short work day, should follow the plough or do the necessary labor, but when evening came, they would gather around the poets of the crowd, and hang enraptured on their songs.

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It was a dream that fired all three with eagerness. Nothing was lacking save the small matter of funds to carry out the scheme. With earnest enthusiasm they set to work at once lecturing and writing to raise sufficient money.

And then an event occurred. The two young enthusiasts, Coleridge and Southey, suddenly fell in love with the sisters of Lovell's wife, the enchanting Misses Fricker! And there was a pretty kettle of fish! Instead of setting sail for America, they found themselves with wives on their hands! Instead of working out the problems of an Ideal State, Coleridge had to face the problem of earning a living, of raising corn and vegetables enough from a little farm to support himself and his wife, as well as a couple of pigs. Thus ended the dream of the Ideal State.

But now in the course of a summer excursion, Coleridge made a new friend, who throughout his life was dearer than any other. He called on the young poet, Wordsworth, who was living with his sister, Dorothy, in a small country house in Dorsetshire. Each was charmed with the other, and so strong was their mutual liking that Wordsworth and Dorothy soon moved to Alfoxden, to be near Coleridge at Nether Stowey.

Henceforth the friends spent many happy days in delightful intercourse, now sitting on the grass by the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxden, now in Wordsworth's little garden, or over his cheery tea-table, where the faithful Dorothy was a comrade and inspiration to both. It was a joy to each to confide to the other his thoughts and the poems he was planning.

One afternoon, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Dorothy started out on a walking tour to visit Lenton and the Valley of Stones. As they had very little money among them, Coleridge and Wordsworth agreed to defray the expenses of the tour by writing a poem, which they hoped they might sell to the New Monthly Magazine for the price of five pounds. They were tramping along

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the Quantock Hills towards evening, when Coleridge said that a friend of his had had a dream which he would like to embody in this poem. It was to be a spectral sort of tale, the story of an old navigator, who had committed some crime which should bring upon him a ghostly persecution and the punishment of endless wandering, but Coleridge did not know what crime to make

the old man commit. Now it chanced that a day or two before this, Wordsworth had been reading a book of Voyages in which it related how mariners, doubling Cape Horn, frequently saw albatrosses, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or fifteen feet.

"Suppose," suggested Wordsworth, "that you represent this old mariner as having killed one of those birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of those regions take upon them to avenge the crime."

Coleridge thought the incident fit for his purpose and so began the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the blood-curdling tale of the man who shot the harmless albatross that loved and trusted him, and so brought upon himself the ghastly punishment decreed by the Lonesome Spirit from the South Pole, who "loved the bird that loved the man, who shot him with his bow."

As the two young men proceeded trying to compose the poem together, Wordsworth soon discovered that this goblin rout of horror was a subject unfit for his own peculiar gift, which dwelt steadily in the sunshine, so he withdrew from the undertaking and left Coleridge to carry it out alone.

After a few days the friends returned from their delightful

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tour, but already the Ancient Mariner had grown beyond all the bounds of their expectations when they thought to compose a poem which might fetch them five pounds. Instead, they now began to talk of a volume of poems, chiefly on subjects taken from common life, but looked at through the transforming mist of imagination and fancy. This volume soon appeared under the name of *Lyrical Ballads*.

And now the difference in the work of the two young men became ever more apparent. Wordsworth loved the commonplace, Coleridge the supernatural, and, if Wordsworth's poems seemed to be always in the sunlight, those of Coleridge were in a wizard twilight. Coleridge loved the night, he loved all the breathless stillness of a frosty midnight with "silent icicles quietly shining to the moon." Often he carried little Hartley, his baby boy, out in his arms to show him the evening star, and bid him hark to the song of the nightingale, that with the night he might associate joy, and once when the child awoke crying from a dream, he hurried with him to the orchard, and showed him the moon. Then the baby, hushed at once, suspended his sobs and laughed most silently while his eyes, swimming with undropped tears, glittered in the moonbeam.

But, alas! There soon came a time when Coleridge left his little son, his wife and family, and passed through the depths of a miserable experience. He had begun to take opium to relieve him of pain, and the habit of taking the drug grew steadily upon him until he became its victim, and could not resist it. Then the kindly Robert Southey took Coleridge's wife and children into his home at Keswick amid the hills of England's beautiful Lake Country. Southey had already assumed the care of his old friend Lovell's widow and child, so, with his own children, it was a large and expensive household of which he was pater familias.

And now, in his battles with the demon, opium, Coleridge often wandered away from his home, and all his loved ones, sad

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and miserable, and most a stranger at his own hearth-fire.

It was Uncle Southey who took up Samuel's duties. It was he who labored incessantly to support all those dependent upon him. In his great library, bulging with books, he was always at work, writing, writing, writing, a daily walk with his family his only recreation, and the children playing about, tripped over Greek and Latin tomes, or kept house in caves made of venerable old Spanish and Icelandic chronicles.

Wordsworth now lived near by at Grasmere, and the children of these three families were constantly together. Sometimes the Southey family and the Wordsworth family met half way between the two homes and picnicked in some beautiful spot. Often, too, they visited the Falls of Lodore, where Southey's little boy asked him how the water came down.

For fifteen long years Coleridge struggled with the opium habit, and he never came back again to settle down and live with his wife and children. In 1816 he entered the home of a Mr. Gillman at Highgate where he lived all the rest of his life, another eighteen years. Here he finally succeeded in conquering his devil, but he did not again become a man of keen and eager vitality. It was during his years in the Lake Country that he produced the best of his work, and Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, are called the Lake School of poets. Nevertheless, few men have been more beloved, or admired, than Samuel Coleridge, for he thought deeply and spoke with brilliance, and to Highgate, as to some shrine, came all the younger men of letters.

Coleridge is best known for those poems in which he produced "the creeps" which he himself had so much enjoyed on the night he read *The Robbers*. In all English literature there are no more "creepy" poems than *Christabel* and the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. He was indeed a wizard who conjured up goblins with his weird, unearthly melody.

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A Boy of the Lake Country

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (*English, 1770-1850*)



WHEN the river Derwent has left the mountains to mirror on its bright blue waters the ruins of old castle towers, it flows along the margin of a grassy terrace where once a little cottage stood.

In that cottage lived a boy of five whose playmate was the river. Through all the shining summer William Wordsworth bathed in the mill-race which was part of that beautiful stream. And the river, as it went meandering between green banks beneath the alder's shade, sang songs to him. When he was still a babe in arms, the music of its waters, murmuring over fords and shallows, gurgling over rocky falls, was blended with his nurse's song, and flowed through all his childish dreams.

Sometimes he scoured the sandy fields about the river, leaping through flowery groves of yellow ragwort, or, when rock and hill and wood, and the lofty height of distant Mt. Skiddaw were bronzed with deepest radiance, he stood alone beneath the sky like some small Indian savage, sporting naked on the plains.

Told chiefly in Wordsworth's own phraseology from his poem THE PRELUDE.

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Thus, in beloved spots about his home, the little fellow rambled till eight birthdays had gone by. And then his mother died; he bade his father and his sister Dorothy a long good-bye and left the town of Cockermouth where he was born, for school at Hawkshead in the lovely Esthwaite Vale. It was a kind and motherly old dame who kept the school there, and the boys, a noisy crew, were rich in happiness and joy.

When cold and frost were on the mountains, William, with a store of snares across his shoulder, ranged the open heights where woodchucks ran along the smooth green turf. Through half the night the boy would scud from snare to snare, alone beneath the moon and stars. And once in these night wanderings when he found his own snares empty, lo, he saw a bird held captive in a comrade's snare. Then, suddenly, the wish to have it overpowered him and he took it for his own. But when the shameful deed was done, he heard among the solitary hills low breathings coming after him and sounds of undistinguishable motion, steps almost as silent as the turf. And so it was that Nature spoke to him and woke his boyish heart to know the dark and haunting gloom that mars life's joy when one has done an act of wrong.

Again, upon a summer evening, he beheld a little boat tied to a willow tree and sheltered in a rocky cave. Straightway, he unloosed the chain, and, stepping in, pushed off from shore. It was an act of stealth and troubled pleasure, and the voice of mountain echoes, weird reproaches, followed him. But, aiming now to reach a chosen point with straight, unswerving line, he fixed his view upon the summit of a craggy ridge that seemed the far horizon's utmost edge. Above him were the gray sky and the stars, and, as he dipped his oars into the silent lake, his boat, an elfin pinnacle, glided heaving through the water like a swan, and left behind on either side small circles glittering idly in the moon until they melted all into one track of sparkling light.

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But on a sudden, from behind that craggy steep which had till then appeared to bound the sky, there loomed a peak, a huge, black peak. As if of its own power, it raised its huge black head. He rowed straight on, but that grim shape, growing still in stature, with purpose of its own, it seemed, and measured motion like a living thing, strode after him. With trembling oars, he turned, and through the silent water stole his way back to the covert of the willow tree. There, in her mooring place, he left his stolen boat, and went his way in grave and serious mood across the meadows homeward. And after that, for many days, there hung a darkness in his thoughts. No pleasant images of trees, of sea or sky remained, no colors of green fields, but only huge and mighty forms like that grim peak.

And by such discipline as this, the Spirit that is soul of all the universe spoke out through mountain, vale, and stream, and purified within the boy the elements of feeling and of thought.

It was a happy time for all the boys, when in the frosty Winter-time, the sun was set, and through the gloom for many a mile the cottage windows blazed. All shod with steel, they hissed along the polished ice in games, flying through the darkness and the cold. Then not a voice was idle, and the cliffs rang out, smitten with the din, the leafless trees and every icy crag tinkled like iron, while the stars to eastward sparkled clear, and in the west the orange sky of evening died away. But William, often leaving all the tumult of the throng, glanced sideways, quite alone into some little bay, to cut across the mirrored image of a star that fled and, flying still before him, gleamed upon the glassy plain.

The schoolboys lived in lowly cottages with only plain and homely comforts, yet they all pursued with eagerness their home amusements by the warm peat-fire. How many evenings did they sit around the snow-white table, head to head, absorbed in games of loo or whist, while out of doors incessant rain was

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falling, or the frost raged bitterly and far away, from under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice, the pent-up air, struggling to free itself, gave out to meadows, groves, and hills, a loud protracted yelling, like the voice of wolves, howling in troops along the Bothnic Main.

From week to week, from month to month, they lived a round of tumult and ran a boisterous course. In summer they prolonged their games till daylight failed, no chair remained before the doorways, benches and threshold steps were empty, and even that old man who sat the latest lingerer, had gone indoors to bed. A mass of stone, standing midway in the square of the little market-village, was the center of these sports. Just here an old dame sat and watched her table with its hucksters' wares, where boys bought sweetmeats and small trinkets while the pennies in their pockets did not fail.

But, as time went on, every scheme of holiday delight, every boyish frolic, must be coupled with some winning form of Nature. Close to Hawkshead stretched Lake Windermere's long length, a universe of Nature's fairest forms,—lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays! When summer came, the lads would race along Lake Windermere with rival oars. Their goal was now an island, musical with birds, now a sister isle where lilies of the valley grew beneath the shade of oaks, or now a third small isle, where still survived the ruins of an ancient church. In such a race what cared the boys who won? What room was there for jealousy or envy when the end was so delightful? All pleased alike, the conquered and the conqueror, they rested in the shade. Thus pride of strength and all vain glory of superior skill were tempered for young William, and there grew in him a quiet independence of the heart.

Now those were days when none among the boys was over-blest with pocket money. William's father, a solicitor of little means, had died when William was but thirteen years of age, and it

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was uncles who still kept the lad in school. But when the boys came back from holidays with weightier purses, they made merry with some rustic dinner on the cool green ground, or in the woods, or by a river side, and all the while among the leaves, soft airs were stirring, and the midday sun shone brightly round about them in their joy.

At other times, the lads drew largely from their funds and hired them horses from the innkeeper. Then they rode away to see the ruin of some famous temple where, long ago, the Druids worshipped in their circle of weird stones, or they sought an ancient abbey with its mouldering walls, its broken arch and belfry; and while their horses grazed along the smooth green turf, they rambled in the ruins, lingering a little by the knight in armor and the abbot carved in stone on ancient tombs, or hearkening perhaps while one small wren made melody through all those roofless, ivy-covered walls.



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Their steeds remounted and the summons given with whip and spur, the boys would fly beyond the chapel walls and down the valley. Riding home the longest way through sheer delight in active limbs, they scampered on through rough and smooth, and now, along the margin of the moonlit sea, they beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore, within the crescent of a pleasant bay, a tavern stood. Thither, in their little boat, the boys could row. It was no homely-featured house, primeval like its neighbor cottages. Indeed, it was a splendid place, the door beset with chaises, grooms and liveries, its sign-board glittering with characters in gold. The garden lay upon a slope surmounted by a bowling green. Beneath it stood a grove with gleams of water through the trees. There, on that bowling green, for half an afternoon the boys would play, and, whether skill prevailed or someone made a happy blunder in the game, 'twas quite the same,—their bursts of glee made all the mountains ring. But ere the night had fallen they returned at leisure in their boat across the shadowy lake, and at such times they often set the



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minstrel of their troop ashore on some small island, gently rowing off to leave him making music with his flute alone upon the rock. And then, on William's mind, the calm and dead-still water lay as with a weight of pleasure, and the sky, never before so beautiful, sank down into his heart and held him like a dream.

Whether, then, he drank in joy from evening waters, from silver wreaths of curling mist, or from the sun that laid his beauty on the morning hills, the boy received so much from Nature and her over-flowing soul that all his thoughts were steeped in feeling, all things had life to him; there was no smallest stick or stone but had a voice to sing, and he saw blessings spread about him like a sea.

But now there came a day when William, grown a youth, must leave his boyhood's games behind, and for the first time saw the towers and pinnacles of Cambridge University above a dusky grove. His college was St. John's, and in the first of three old Gothic Courts he had a little room. Right underneath, the college kitchen made a humming sound, all intermixed with scolding and shrill notes of sharp command. Nearby, he had for neighbor, Trinity's great organ and her clock, which never failed to ring the quarters day or night.

It was a strange migration for a villager, a stripling of the hills. How he delighted in the motley spectacle,—gowns grave or gaudy, doctors, students, streets, courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers! And furthermore, as if the change had waited on some fairy's wand, at once behold him rich in moneys, and attired in splendid garb with hose of silk and hair all powdered white like rimy trees when frost is keen. He boasted, too, a lordly dressing gown with other signs of manhood that supplied the lack of beard. And soon the weeks went roundly on with invitations, suppers, wine and fruit.

Of college labors, of the lecture room, all studded round as thick as chairs could stand, of exercises, hopes, examinations, fears,

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small jealousies and triumphs, good or bad, the lad took little note. Such glory was but little sought by him and little won. But often he would leave his comrades and his books to pace the level field, and read the face of earth and sky. Aye, there he had a world that was his own, for he had made it, and it lived to him alone and to the God who sees into the heart.

And when his first vacation days had come, he visited again the spots he loved so well at Hawkshead. With a dog as comrade, a rough but faithful terrier, he roamed the hills. And in those days he found a new note in his heart, a fresh-awakened interest in the life of men, in grandams and in grandads, in rosy prattlers and in growing girls. With different eye he saw the quiet woodman in the woods, the shepherd on the hills.

Yet still a swarm of boyish schemes, gauds, feasts, revelry and dance kept him from quiet thought. His mind was then a parti-colored show of grave and gay, solid and light, short-sighted and profane. It chanced one time that he had passed the night in dancing mid a throng of maids and youths, old men and matrons. There was gaiety and mirth with din of instruments, and shuffling feet, and glancing forms, and glittering tapers. Ere the guests retired, the eastern sky was kindling and the cock had crowed. Then home through humble copse and open field young William went.

Magnificent the morning rose in memorable pomp. In front the sea lay laughing at a distance. The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds and drenched in light, and in the meadows and the lower grounds was all the sweetness of a common dawn,—dews, vapors and the melody of birds, and workmen going forth to till the fields. Then to the brim the young man's heart was full. He made no vows, but vows were made for him, that he should be a dedicated spirit; he should sing in words to touch the heart of all mankind the song of lake and hill and field, of laborer and common-folk, and all the dignity of toil.

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At length the Cambridge days were done, but still young William could not settle down in London-town to be a barrister, a churchman or a soldier as his aunts and uncles wished. France lured him forth, for those were wild and stirring days in France. It was the year of 1792. The common-people, rising after centuries of unjust burden, with a will to break the yoke of tyranny, were in the throes of revolution. The prison-fortress of the Bastille had long since been leveled to the ground. That haggard, hungry rout of women, with the Paris riff-raff at their heels, had already stormed Versailles and brought King Louis back to town.

So William found himself arrived in Paris when the city was alive with marching men and sound of martial music. As he walked the streets he stared and listened with a stranger's ears to hawkers and haranguers, party-mad, hissing with ardent eyes, in knots or pairs or single. Aye, he scanned them all, watched every hint of anger, and vexation and despite.

A band of military officers then stationed in the city were the chief of his associates, men well-born, the chivalry of France. They stood prepared for instant flight in line with other youths then crowding all the roads of France. Their purpose was to join the band of emigrants in arms upon the borders of the Rhine, to league with foreign foes, come back once more to France, crush out the Revolution and restore the King. He freely lived with these defenders of the Crown who sought to bring him over to their cause, but ah, there glowed within his heart the vision of a free Republic, one where all men stood on equal ground with equal opportunities for good. And so, ere long, he found himself a patriot, his heart was given to the people and his love was theirs, all theirs.

Among that band of officers was one of quite another mould, a champion of the people, and for that reason spurned by all the rest. This man was Wordsworth's friend and in his company he left the city with his pack upon his back, to tramp among

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the old chateaux and down the banks of that romantic stream, the Loire.

When week had followed week, and they were once again returned to Paris, great events had come to pass. The King had been dethroned, the host of foreigners and emigrants had been defeated, a republic had now been proclaimed in France. And Wordsworth often passed the prison where the poor unhappy monarch with his wife and children lay, or saw the palace of the Tuileries, so lately stormed with roar of cannon by a furious host. There had been crimes, he knew it. There had been massacres in which the senseless sword was prayed to as a judge. How wrong was such a course, and yet in spite of what the people were through ignorance, young William's heart was all aflame to join their cause. The hate of tyranny laid hold on him and pity for the abject multitude. He wished to see men free, and willingly would he have given up his life to make them so. The youthful stir of fighting rebels thrilled his heart.

And then, one day, came word in haste from England. Aunts and uncles had no mind to let the youth involve himself in foreign wars. They stopped his small allowance, and sent word that not another penny should be his until he came back home.

What was he then to do, this youthful rebel? In a little time he found himself once more in London, sore, indeed, in heart. And now there came three years of deep depression and no peace. He could not find his place in life; he could not find his work, and over there in France, the cause of liberty which he so loved, brought shame upon itself with hideous crimes and terrors, till at last, Frenchmen, from oppressed, became oppressors, and in turn changed a war of self defence to one of conquest, losing sight of all that they had struggled for. So William almost lost his confidence in men.

And in that time of trouble, it was Dorothy, his sister, who preserved him still a poet, she who had tramped beside him many

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miles on long vacation days and found her way close to his heart.

"William, be a poet," she would say. "That only is your office here on earth."

So William turned his back on London, and they went away together to the countryside to seek the joy of calm and quiet thought. And there he labored to express himself in verse, but little that he wrote brought any praise from others. Only faithful Dorothy encouraged and sustained him. And then, one day came Samuel Coleridge a-knocking at his door! Ah, here at last was one to feel with him, a poet, too, to know his poet's soul. The warmest friendship now began between the two, and Dorothy and William left their little home to take a house hard by the cottage of their new-found friend.

Henceforth the two young men were much together, and each could tell the other all his inmost aims and dreams. A volume of their ballads soon appeared in print, wherein *The Ancient Mariner* by Coleridge, that weird, unearthly tale of sin and persecution, stood side by side with Wordsworth's simple, peasant poems, verses done in words so simple that the critics, used to high-flown subjects and the most elaborate of phrasing, could but lift their eyebrows in surprise and cry: "Is this stuff poetry?"

"Indeed!" asserted one. "This is an endless wilderness of twaddle!"

"Not a line of poetry," another said, "or scarce of common sense!"

And yet the two young friends were not disturbed by criticism of this sort. With steady aim, they still pursued their course. It was agreed that Wordsworth should continue seeking all his subjects from the commonplace, from daily life, should make men feel the joy in wood and stream and field, in simple tenderness and common duties. But Coleridge, in opposite wise, should cast across the common things of life, the weird and wizard twilight of his ghostly fancy.

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Now in another year, William sought again with Dorothy the dearly loved Lake Country of his youth. They took a little cottage built of stone, just overlooking Grasmere's tiny gleaming eye, a crystal-shining lake, set like a gem within a circle of green hills. There in the utmost quiet and simplicity they lived. Sometimes they sat together in their little garden, watching birds and butterflies, and talking underneath a spreading tree. Again, they had their tea, quite cozy, in the sitting room, and toasted bread themselves before the open fire. It was a warm and tender love that bound these two. They understood each other perfectly. Of all their simple daily doings Dorothy kept record in her journal, busy little housewife that she was. At times, however, even such a busy housewife found an opportunity to write her thoughts, like William's, down in poetry.

All in good time, to make the poet's quiet happiness complete, a certain pretty maiden, Mary Hutchinson, she who had flitted in and out of Wordsworth's life, a phantom to adorn a moment, came to be his wife and live forevermore an inmate of his heart. And Coleridge and Robert Southey lived together just across the hills at Keswick. What, indeed, could friendship ask for more? Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, old friends, dear friends,—the Poets of the Lakes.

Thus fifty years went by while Wordsworth lived in Grasmere Vale, now in the little cottage at the northern end and later still at Rydal Mount, a pretty ivy-covered house with shady terraced lawn.

It was his little daughter Dora whom he held up in the garden of his home to see the "kitten on the wall sporting with the leaves that fall." As Dora grew, she played with Edith Southey and with Sara Coleridge. These three young things were constantly together. What a pretty triad, linking closer still the hearts of their three fathers!

Aye, Wordsworth lived to see his children's children play

THE LATCH KEY



about his knees at Rydal Mount. And then, one day, there came a message in his letter bag. The Queen, Victoria herself, had summoned him to London. He should be her Poet Laureate! What greater honor could be showered upon a poet? Off he went to London, dear old man, all in a suit of borrowed clothes that were a size or two too small and scarcely let him straighten up his back when he had made his bow before the Queen. For, ah, his income had been always meager, and he had no guineas left to spare for courtier's clothes. However that might be, it mattered not. The world had come at last to know his real worth and honor it. He was no wild, rebellious, forceful soul like Byron or like Shelley, for the man had grown in years beyond the youthful days of wild rebellion, but he was a calm and quiet soul, the very spirit of serenity, who saw the glory of God's world, who felt it deep within his heart, who never, though he traveled far in years, lost sight of that immortal sunlit sea where children sport forever on the shore.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD
LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH

TO THE CUCKOO
THE SPARROW'S NEST

WE ARE SEVEN
TO A BUTTERFLY

MY BOOK HOUSE

The Rebel

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (*English, 1792-1822*)



THE rebel stood with his back against a wall, a slender lad, his blue eyes flashing fire, his hair wildly dishevelled. Round about him pressed a pack of Eton boys like hounds with a stag at bay.

"Shelley! Shelley! Mad Shelley!" shouted the tormentors. And they pinched him, they plucked at his jacket, and tore at his clothes. They nailed him to the wall with their muddy balls; one jerked the book from under his arm and kicked it into the mire.

"Shelley! Shelley! Mad Shelley!"

The grim old walls of Eton re-echoed with those cries.

Shelley's cheeks grew white, his whole body trembled and shook. He fought, he scratched, he slapped. It was all so unjust,—a dozen against one.

But the young hounds did not cease their sport until they had wearied of it and turned away to seek other game. Then Shelley picked up his mud-stained book and went back defiantly to his favorite haunt by the river.

Why was he "Mad Shelley"? Why? And why did the boys torment him? Because he was a rebel, a young rebel in a smug

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old world that was quite content with itself and had no wish to change a single one of its time-honored ways of thinking. Because he thought for himself, and his ideas ran contrary to the smooth flow of accepted standards and customs.

Eton College in those days was a school for the sons of country gentlemen and merchant princes. These worthy gentlemen expected that their sons would grow up, all thinking the same perfectly safe thoughts and patterned after the same perfectly proper mould, like so many china mandarins made to bob their heads one way only. None of your rebels here! The French Revolution had just proved how dangerous to the peace and comfort of the upper classes were republican ideas. In order to crush out any possibility of such thoughts, the young aristocrats of Eton were trained in a manner best calculated to turn out hard-faced men, well able to return a blow for a blow, but perfectly content with the ready-made ideas ground out for them and scarcely able to think dangerous or original thoughts for themselves. Indeed, if such a thought but showed signs of budding, there was Dr. Keate, the head-master of Eton, with his big stick, ready to flog the offender until he came to his senses.

"Boys, be pure in heart, for if you're not I'll flog you until you are!" That was Dr. Keate's way of insuring obedience to the Sixth Beatitude.

As to the boys themselves, they were all their fathers could wish. They neither questioned nor challenged the customs of Eton College. Indeed, they felt a pride in carrying on the traditions of a school that had been founded by Kings and was under the protection of royalty, even though these traditions were worthy only of savages.

Chief among the time-honored customs of Eton was one whereby all the little boys became slaves or "fags" to the big ones. The fag was obliged to make his master's bed, to pump the water for his bath and carry it up to him in the morning,

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to brush his clothes and clean his shoes. Disobedience was visited with terrible punishments. One boy, in order to force his fag to jump a ditch which was too wide for him, put spurs on his shoes. Every time the little fellow shrank back from the ordeal, he dug the spurs into him till the child's legs were bleeding and his new clothes torn to tatters.

On the very first day that Percy Shelley appeared in school, he decided that fagging was an outrage to human dignity and he refused to obey the orders of his fag-master. The Sixth Form Captains, seeing how slenderly and delicately he was built, thought that it would be easy enough to enforce their authority over him. But they soon discovered their mistake. They could threaten and bully and torment him, but they could not make him obey them.

Henceforth, Shelley did everything that was wrong according to the code of Eton. He loved books, he cared little about cricket and football, he hated bullying and that brutal spirit of which Eton was so proud. He went about with his long hair floating in the wind and his collar wide open, and he pronounced the strangest opinions on a variety of subjects. For all these reasons Shelley was proclaimed an outlaw. For all these reasons he was contemptuously dubbed Mad Shelley.

Today he lay on the grass by the quiet Thames and thought of the cruelty that had just been so wantonly showered upon him. Sunlight quivered over the meadows, clouds drifted peacefully in the far blue, the river made a low soft music as it glided past, and the willows, trailing their graceful branches in the breeze, bowed to their delicate reflections that floated tremulously in the stream. Before him, across the river, rose the walls and towers of Windsor Castle high above the trees. It was all so beautiful and still. Only from the somber cloisters of Eton College behind came the harsh noises of those who had been his tormentors. Pressing his hands together the young boy

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made this vow: "I swear to be just and wise and free if such power in me lies—I swear never to become an accomplice, even by my silence, of the selfish and the powerful. I swear to dedicate my whole life to the worship of beauty."

Now Percy was the son of a rich Sussex landowner, Mr. Timothy Shelley, and their home was Field Place in Sussex, a low, white house, standing in the midst of a well-kept park, beyond which stretched the dusky depths of an extensive woodland. The boy's grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, an eccentric old fellow, had made Percy his heir to the exclusion of all the other children, but Percy was as little concerned about the possession of riches as the birds of the air. He wanted only to be free, free to think his own thoughts and express them.

Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley knew not what to make of such a son, always bubbling over with strange ideas and stirring up the monkeys. He himself held just those opinions on every subject which a country gentleman was expected to hold. In appearance he was tall and imposing and he doled out commonplace phrases with a ridiculous air of importance. Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley! Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley. No hen who has hatched a duckling was ever more at sea than he. He would have liked to bottle up his son, and he read him long and solemn lectures on the evil of his ways, but alack! he could not get the cork in tight enough to keep Percy's spirit from overflowing. As to Percy's mother, the beautiful Mrs. Shelley, she, like other ladies of her day, preferred a man to fight with his fists, rather than his mind, and it was with sad misgivings that she beheld him go for a ramble in the woods carrying with him a book instead of a gun.

While Shelley's elders were thus disturbed about him, however, he was in the eyes of his four little sisters and his cousin, Harriet Grove, nothing short of a hero. The moment he reached home from Eton he began to fill the house with the most fantastic,

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yet enthralling of guests,—hobgoblins and demons, witches and ghosts. He made the shadowy aisles of the park come to life with the haunting footsteps of elfin sprites flitting through the greenwood. He thrust his stick into every hole in the old walls, searching for secret passages that should lead to some strange world of ancient romance. In the attic of the house he discovered unexpectedly a locked room.

"Here," he whispered, "lives an old alchemist with a long beard, the terrible Cornelius Agrippa!"

And if there chanced to be heard a noise in that same mysterious attic, he would cry:

"It's Cornelius upsetting his lamp!"

Thus the little girls were kept in a continual state of delicious terror. And what made Percy's tales so enchanting was the fact that he almost believed them himself.

In addition to all this, Percy sought thrilling adventures in the wonderful Land of Science. Somewhere he had procured a machine which had just been invented and gave electric shocks. With this he went about "shocking" the girls, all of whom were delighted except the youngest, Helen, and she began to cry whenever she saw him appear with a bottle and bit of wire.

His most faithful followers were his eldest sister, Elizabeth, and his lovely cousin, Harriet Grove. These three were writing a novel together, and they called the book *Zastrozzi*. It was filled with the wild and hair-raising adventures of a haughty tyrant, a robber chief, and a beautiful lily-pure heroine. The favorite spot to which Shelley led these young girls when he wished to converse with them was the graveyard, which was surrounded for him with a mysterious fascination. There, between Harriet and Elizabeth, he seated himself on some ancient tomb in the shadow of the old gray church and talked to his heart's content about everything under the sun.

It was as easy as A, B, C, from Percy's standpoint, to separate

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the good from the bad in life. There on one side of the fence were all the bad people, those who had power over others and exercised it tyrannically, and there on the other side, as plain as the nose on your face, were the good, that is, the philosophers, the poor and the weak. He saw no use for laws to make men good. Goodness and love and purity should be in men's hearts. They should be free as the air, free to be true to the beauty in their own souls. Laws all seemed to him to be more or less like the big stick with which the Headmaster of Eton sought to flog the boys into purity. No man should have power to compel another. It was an indignity to be compelled. Young as he was, it never entered his boyish head that, since men were by no means pure in heart as yet, they would get into a fine mess if there were, for the present, no outward laws to restrain the evil in them. He did not see that his vision of perfection in heart and soul was an ideal toward which humanity must strive with slow upward steps. He was ready to put it all into practice at once. With the eager enthusiasm of his seventeen years, he was ready to be off and reform the world, and he conceived it to be his business to teach the two little girls to help him.

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As he talked, the dusk of evening settled over the old churchyard and the curling mists arose like ghostly wraiths from the meadows.

In good time Mr. Timothy Shelley took his son up to Oxford to enter him in the University, and before he left to go back to Field Place, he went to the booksellers with Percy and opened an account for the boy.

"My son," said Mr. Timothy, "is of a literary turn of mind. Should he wish to publish anything, pray indulge him—"

Shelley was delighted with college, and he very soon formed a fast friendship with another freshman named Jefferson Hogg. The two became inseparable. Every morning they went for a long walk during which Shelley behaved like a child, climbing all the banks, jumping all the ditches. When he came to any small body of water he made a little paper boat and launched it on the stream. This was his favorite amusement. Anxiously he watched the fortunes of his tiny bark. Perhaps it was swamped almost at once by winds and waves, perhaps it filled with water gradually and sank. Sometimes, however, it performed its little voyage in safety and reached the opposite shore. Then he was delighted,—it was astonishing how delighted. He would consume all the waste paper he had with him in making these little boats; next he would begin to take the covers of letters, then letters of little value, and finally, after eyeing them wistfully many a time, he would sacrifice the most precious letters of his dearest correspondents, and send them like the others in pursuit of his fairy squadrons down the stream. So long as his paper lasted he would not cease from his sport.

After their walk Hogg and Shelley went up to Shelley's room, where Percy stretched himself out on a rug before the fire and fell fast asleep, curled round upon himself like a cat. By and by he would suddenly start up, rub his eyes with great violence, pass his fingers swiftly through his long hair and enter at once

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into some vehement argument, or begin to recite verses with an energy almost painful.

Since he hated a regular sit-down meal and hardly ever remained to the end, he kept his pockets always full of bread, dried prunes and pudding raisins. He would walk along, reading and nibbling as he went, and leaving the path behind him marked by a tell-tale line of crumbs.

Now a few days before Christmas Mr. Timothy Shelley found in his letter bag a communication from a London publisher warning him that his son was offering for publication a novel filled with the most dangerous and wicked ideas. The truth was that Percy had seen in his own home and indeed in much of the world about him, the letter of religion with little of its spirit—its form and ceremony with little of its love and sympathy, its tenderness and compassion. Therefore he had jumped to the conclusion that religion itself was to blame for all the bigotry, the lack of love and human kindness in the world, and he, to whom the spirit of love and kindness meant everything in life, was now busily engaged in pouring out on religion all the phials of his scorn!

Poor Mr. Timothy Shelley! The hen who had hatched a duckling! In great anxiety and with neither imagination nor humor, he prepared to receive his son when he should arrive from Oxford in the way most calculated to bring about the worst results, namely with a long and solemn sermon.

Field Place, which was usually so merry with gay festivities during the holidays, was darkened by these happenings as with a cloud of gloom. Mrs. Shelley advised her daughters not to talk too much with Percy, and the little girls themselves became shy and silent. Christmas preparations were continued as usual, but no one now honestly took any interest in them. There were the same little amusements and surprises of other years, but without the carefree laughter and rollicking fun of a really happy

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family. Elizabeth, alone, remained faithful to Percy in secret. But her admiration was no longer shared by her cousin, Harriet Grove, who grew colder and colder every day. Indeed, Harriet's papa saw to it that his daughter was quite removed from Percy's contaminating influence by marrying her safely off to a manly gentleman, capable of making the best appearance at any county ball. This last blow cut Percy to the heart, for he had dearly loved his cousin.

They wished at Field Place, one and all, except Elizabeth, to mash Percy down, to squeeze him up into that proper mandarin mould which would turn him out capable of bobbing his head one way only, able to say "yes" and never "no" to all the accepted views of his time. They wished to make him a parrot repeating only what they taught him.

"Intolerance! Bigotry!" So said Master Percy. "Obstinate and unreasoning attachment to one's own beliefs and opinions, with no toleration for the beliefs and opinions of others!"

To the fiery youth the black demon of Intolerance seemed to have replaced the fairies and goblins that once haunted the place, and to be stalking in dread darkness through the shadows of hall and park. This demon appeared to the boy the worst he had ever known. No foul fiend, no grizzly Grendel, grim and greedy, fierce and pitiless, man-devouring, ever seemed to the thanes of Hrothgar more terrible than did this dark Spirit of Intolerance to Shelley. He hated it; he longed to do battle with it and wipe it off the earth.

About a month after these unfortunate holidays, Messrs. Munday and Slatton, the Oxford booksellers, with whom Timothy Shelley had opened an account for his son, beheld that young man come bursting into their shop, his hair flying wildly in the wind, his shirt collar wide open, and a huge package of pamphlets under one arm. These pamphlets, he announced, were to be sold at sixpence each, and he wished them prominently dis-

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played in the window of the shop. Indeed, he himself set about arranging them on the counter and in the most conspicuous place in the window in order that none who passed might miss them. The booksellers watched him with an amused and fatherly air, little dreaming of the scandalous title which those pamphlets were flaunting so shamelessly in their decorous front window.

"The Necessity of Atheism!"—That was the name of the pamphlet,—the necessity for believing that there is no God! Had Messrs. Munday and Slatter guessed it, they would have been horrified.

The title, indeed, did not express the young man's real feelings. He had a most ardent belief in a "Spirit of Universal Goodness, the creator and director of all things," he decried only the false and unworthy views of God that made bigots of men. But he liked the word Atheist, it pleased him, it had such a ring of strength, it shocked the intolerant! At Eton the boys had pelted him with the name Atheist. They had flung it at him just as they flung mud. He had felt it to be like a glove of challenge hurled in his teeth. Therefore he had picked it up with defiance to fling it back in the face of that dark demon of Intolerance that lurked in the tyrannical heart of the world.

The Necessity of Atheism had been published but a few minutes when the Reverend John Walker, a Fellow of New College, chanced to pass that way. Wishing to see what was displayed in the window he pressed his nose against the glass. Bang! The glaring letters on the title of that pamphlet fairly slapped the good man in the face,—The Necessity of Atheism!

Astounded and outraged, the Reverend John strode into the shop.

"Mr. Munday! Mr. Slatter!" he called. "What is the meaning of this pamphlet?"

"Really, sir, we know nothing about it," explained the poor shopkeepers, painfully taken aback. "We have not examined it."

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"But the title itself is sufficient to have informed you. And now, gentlemen, that your attention has been called to it, you will have the goodness to withdraw immediately every copy from your window and to carry them, as well as any other copies you may possess, into your kitchen and throw them all into the fire."

The upshot of this matter was that a few days later a large official looking document, bearing the college seal, was affixed to the door of the hall. It was signed by the Master and Dean and announced that Percy Bysshe Shelley was publicly expelled from Oxford.

When Mr. Timothy Shelley heard what had happened he fell into a rage and expressed his displeasure by cutting off his son's allowance. Percy himself went up to London in despair. He was alone, without friends, work or money, and tormented by his disgrace.

As long as he lived he never ceased to be astounded at the way the world treated him. He loved the world so ardently, he wanted to make it better, and it was forever kicking him. The fact that he himself had just slapped the world in the face with his *Necessity for Atheism* did not impress him. He had wanted to wipe out intolerance and bigotry that there might be more love and sweetness in the world. This he had desired because he loved the world, and the world had repaid him by knocking him down. In his misery he passed the time writing melancholy poems or letters to his friend, Jefferson Hogg.

Soon the money question grew serious. Percy was penniless. Fortunately his sisters did not forget him but sent him their pocket money. It was all he had to live on. The girls, all except Elizabeth, were at Mrs. Fenning's Academy for Young Ladies, and Mrs. Fenning's young ladies now had plenty of opportunity to make acquaintance with the fine eyes, the open shirt-collar and tossed curls of Helen Shelley's nineteen-year-old brother.

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He would arrive at the Academy, his pockets bulging with biscuits and raisins, and begin an eager discourse on the world's deepest problems to an adoring audience of little girls.

Most of all these girls, Shelley admired his sister's friend, Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired inn-keeper, a lovely child of sixteen with light brown hair and a complexion of milk and roses. When Mrs. Fenning, acting on the orders of Timothy Shelley, requested Percy to visit his sisters less often, Harriet, who often went to her own home in a section of London near Percy's lodgings, would carry to the hermit youth the precious cakes and money entrusted to her by his sisters. Naturally the two young people became the greatest of friends, and Shelley undertook to make over Harriet's mind till it should shine with all the glory of wisdom.

But soon the other young ladies of Mrs. Fenning's Academy began to look askance at Percy. They were influenced by what their elders said. He was a bad boy, a dangerous boy, a boy with very wicked opinions. In good time they began to jeer at Harriet for being the friend of such a youth. With all the cruelty of which girls at that age are capable, they made her miserable with their jeering. After the next holiday, Harriet thought she could not go back to such a school. It was too hard, too terrible. Her father, the stern old inn-keeper, insisted. She should, she must return. In despair Harriet wrote to Shelley. With all the abandon of sixteen years, she declared her case to be desperate. She held herself to be nothing less than an Andromeda about to be delivered by an unfeeling father up to the jaws of the dragon. Shelley saw the case in the same light exactly. Above all things he hated tyranny. Old Mr. Westgrove, he judged, was a tyrant, a terrible old tyrant ready to sacrifice his daughter to the monster of Fenning Academy. He did not hesitate, therefore, to step into the shoes of the hero Perseus and fly to the rescue of the maiden. In a very short time the Edinburgh Mail

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Coach was galloping off northward at topmost speed, bearing Perseus and Andromeda away to Scotland to be married.

What would have happened next had not Mr. Timothy Shelley somewhat relented no one knows, but fortunately a friend induced him to thaw out a bit from the icy coldness of his anger and grant Percy a small allowance. Thus the two young things found themselves with enough to live on, at least.

And now great schemes occupied Percy's mind. He would rent a pretty cottage in Wales, perhaps, and establish a House of Meditation to which he would invite only kindred souls who could understand what he and Harriet were driving at, and there they would think out the way to solve all the problems of the world. But before he did this, he would just step over to Ireland and save Ireland from the yoke of British tyranny!

Concerning Ireland, Percy saw the matter with the same clear-cut line of division between the good and the bad, which distinguished all his judgments. Ireland was all right, England was all wrong. Ireland was poor and downtrodden, England was a tyrant. Ireland was a beautiful damsel in distress. He was the Knight Errant who should fly to her rescue ready to fight and die, if need be, in her cause. He fully expected that he would suffer violence for his deeds, martyrdom perhaps. Crowds would follow him in the streets, shouting after him; barbarous English soldiers would seize him, beat him or throw him into prison, but the heroic sweetness of his words would wipe out hatred and work the miracle of reconciling two races that had been foes for centuries. Enwrapped in this rainbow-tinted dream, he was off to the Emerald Isle.

The first thing Shelley did in Dublin was to make an address on Virtue. Instead of expecting their freedom from the British, he said, the Irish should free themselves by becoming sober, just and charitable.

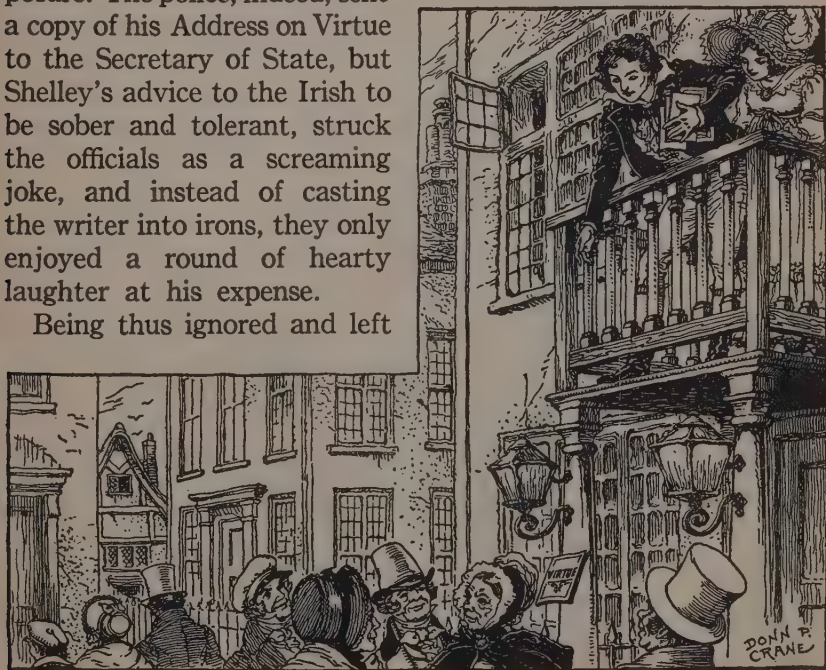
This doctrine Shelley expected would go straight to the heart

THE LATCH KEY

of the poor Dubliners, and Harriet was no less enthusiastic than he. Their pockets stuffed with copies of this address, the young couple walked up and down the streets, and whenever they met anyone who looked likely to be converted, they slipped a soul-saving paper into his hand, or, from the balcony of their lodgings, they spread the gospel of Virtue by showering pamphlets down on the heads of the passers below. When Shelley shot one skillfully into the hood of an old woman's cloak, Harriet had to run into the house to keep from bursting out into laughter. It was great work saving the Irish, but it was very amusing, too!

Shelley, of course, was constantly expecting to be arrested, but alack! the Irish took all he did with a most annoying composure. The police, indeed, sent a copy of his Address on Virtue to the Secretary of State, but Shelley's advice to the Irish to be sober and tolerant, struck the officials as a screaming joke, and instead of casting the writer into irons, they only enjoyed a round of hearty laughter at his expense.

Being thus ignored and left



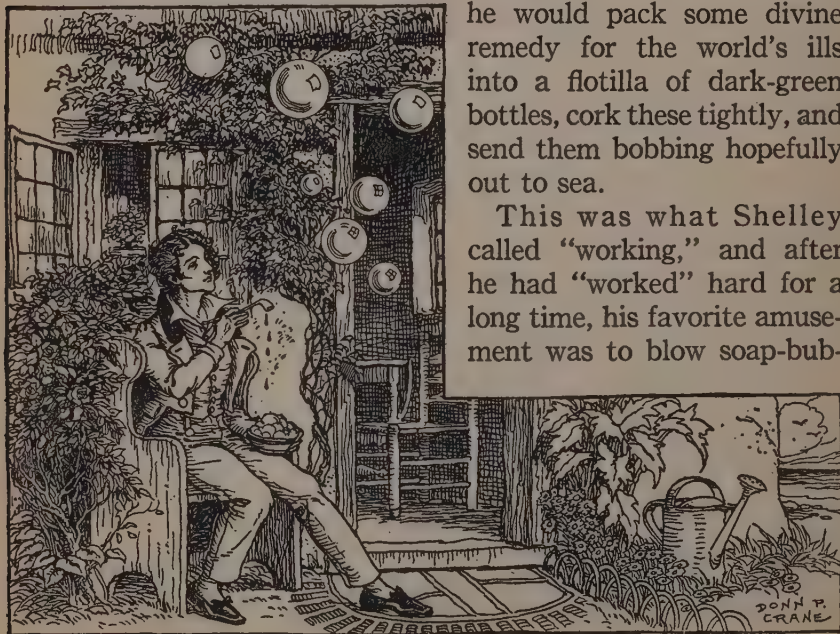
MY BOOK HOUSE

in security, was very discouraging, and the ways of the Irish themselves were even more so. On St. Patrick's night everybody was drunk and there was a ball at the Castle. Percy and Harriet watched the starving people, far from resenting their poverty, crowd around the state carriages to admire the finery of their tyrants. Such a want of spirit reduced Percy to despair. He and Harriet packed up their remaining pamphlets and went back to England.

From a delightful little cottage with a thatched roof in Lynmouth, however, he did not fail to continue broadcasting his revolutionary ideas by means of pamphlets. When he had written some particularly hair-raising article, he would put it in a box, fit the box out with a mast and sail and launch it on the ocean, or he would make little fire balloons, load these with wisdom and set them sailing into the sky. Again, to vary the monotony,

he would pack some divine remedy for the world's ills into a flotilla of dark-green bottles, cork these tightly, and send them bobbing hopefully out to sea.

This was what Shelley called "working," and after he had "worked" hard for a long time, his favorite amusement was to blow soap-bub-



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bles. Pipe in hand, he would seat himself before the door, beneath the climbing roses and myrtles that covered the cottage, and send forth a cloud of shimmering spheres to float airily upward and reflect every changing tint that flitted over the face of earth or sky.

In those days, Shelley's friends began to call him the Elf King, Ariel or Oberon. He was such an unearthly spirit soaring always in the skies; he thought so little of material things, he had such a way of flitting, of being now here, now there, of vanishing just when he seemed certainly chained to some one spot of earth. Moreover, he was just then writing a poem called *Queen Mab*, wherein he took his flight through silver clouds and starlit sky, all in a magic chariot, drawn by coursers of the air. The name of Ariel suited him perfectly.

Nevertheless, sad days were ahead for Ariel. Earth did all it could to clip his wings. His pretty little child-wife, whose mind he had so carefully made over, began to show herself more interested in bonnets than in philosophy, in shopping than in saving the world. She began seriously to desire not a magic car, but a carriage with horses of flesh and blood, and since the only fairy godmother who could produce such riches was Mr. Timothy Shelley, she began to urge Percy to make up with this angry old fairy in order that he might turn the pumpkin of their poverty into a generous allowance which would permit them to keep a coach, wherein she might drive in state to the dressmaker's and the milliner's.

Shelley was shocked beyond measure at all these worldly considerations. To make up with his father, his wife would have had him do as Mr. Timothy demanded, take back all his opinions and say that he no longer believed what he could not help but believe. To purchase bonnets with such dishonor! To prefer a carriage and horses to independence and upright integrity of mind! Percy was shocked indeed. He himself could get along

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on the little edge of nothing. His material wants were the fewest, his ideas were bread and meat to him. Save for the fact that he was always needing money to help somebody out of debt or to pay a fine for some too venturesome friend of freedom he had little use for gold. And his Harriet objected, too, to his helping so many people and keeping so little for themselves. Alack! he was woefully disappointed in his pretty little wife.

Matters between the two grew dark. From bad they went to worse till they were completely estranged and separated from one another. Then friends whom Shelley had loved and trusted turned their backs upon him. The very man whom he had loved and honored and helped the most was the harshest in sitting in judgment upon him.

Alack indeed! Ariel began to discover that it was not so easy to turn the world upside down and make it over as he had dreamed in the enthusiasm of sixteen. In these days he often took a boat and rowed among the little islands of the Thames where swans build their nests. Lying at the bottom of his bark, completely hidden by the grasses, he harkened to the "wind in the reeds and the rushes, the bees on the bells of thyme;" he beheld how the "bright clouds float in heaven and dew stars gleam on earth," and at such times he felt, with a thrill of pleasure, that perhaps his real work in life was not to go about like Don Quixote reforming the world, but to seize the beauty of that changing sky, of clouds, and winds and all the fleeting, interweaving harmonies of sun and shade and to fix these in words "light as the lightest leaf that quivers to the passing breeze," yet buoyant as the waterfall that leaps "down the rocks with her rainbow locks, streaming among the streams."

He was still such a boy, this Ariel, and he stood so alone in the world. Few, save his second wife, Mary Godwin, had the courage to take their stand by his side. Together, Percy and Mary went away to Italy, and there they spent all the latter

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days of Shelley's life, now in Florence, now in Pisa, now in Rome, but forever avoided by the English colonies of the place. True, the headstrong and passionate Lord Byron was Shelley's friend, but a troublesome friend he was, and few others among his countrymen ventured to turn a friendly glance in his direction.

His greatest crime was that he believed in the innate nobility of man. He believed that it was possible for man to rule out the evil in him and be perfect. Such a faith compelled men to recognize their faults and strive toward perfection. It would not leave them comfortable in their sins. The world would have none of him! Yet to the very end Shelley steadfastly upheld his ideals. In his last long poem "Prometheus Unbound," he flung them to the world with a challenge more stirring than any that had gone before.

Shelley was only thirty when he went off to Leghorn in his frail shell of a boat, the Ariel, to meet Leigh Hunt who had just arrived from England. With his usual generosity, Shelley had paid Hunt's passage to Italy, with that of his wife and seven children, and now he was off to see them all safely settled on the lower floor of Lord Byron's palace in Pisa.

When he was ready to return home he set sail from Leghorn on a sultry afternoon that gave promise of a storm. His friends watched his little boat gliding far out to sea until at last she was hid by the haze of the coming mist. That was the last that was heard of Shelley for days! Nearly a week later his body was washed up by the waves on the yellow sands of the bay. The Ariel had foundered in the storm.

"How brutally mistaken men have been about him!" cried Byron beside his body on the shore. "He was without exception the best and least selfish man I ever knew."

Youth, its dreams, its fiery devotion to its ideals, its enthusiasm, its stubborn cry of No Compromise, its absurdity, its glory,—that was the spirit of Shelley.

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Sweet Peas and Grecian Urns

JOHN KEATS (*English*, 1795-1821)

MR. THOMAS KEATS, lively and energetic of countenance, drove up to the fine, old, red brick building with blooming gardens which housed Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield. He was in his trim and shining gig with his two little sons, John and George, by his side. John was seven, George was six, but John was much the smaller of the two, a very tiny fellow, still wearing the dress of a child,—frilled collar, short jacket with huge pearl buttons, and a cap with a tassel. Both boys were round-eyed and awestruck. They were going away to school for the first time in their lives and their mother was far away, ten miles off in London!

Mr. Thomas Keats kept a livery stable at the sign of the Swan and Hoop in London. He had coaches and gigs and very fine horses to let. Once he had been only head hostler, but he had married Frances Jenkins, the daughter of the owner, and so become in time the proprietor of the place. A lively young couple they were, those two, with ambition and imagination, stepping boldly on in the world. From living in rooms above the stable, they moved to a real house, where they entertained the rosiest dreams for the future of their sons. Thomas even had visions of sending the boys to Harrow, Harrow the aristocratic, the school for gentlemen's sons. But that was flying a bit too high. His purse was too small for that. He must needs clip the wings of ambition and be content with Enfield.

Accordingly, Mr. Keats deposited John and George and drove away. There they were, poor little shavers, dumped down alone to face seventy or eighty youngsters all ready to gape and jeer at them in the ugly fashion of the time. Here was little John Keats, a tiny slip of a child,—he would make good sport for the older boys perhaps! Not on your life! Little John could fight like a terrier. Morning, noon and night he was more than willing to

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fight. Let him only catch sight of a big boy tormenting another, and he would plunge into battle on the spot, never heeding though he stood like a Lilliputian against some blustering giant.

Once a tall usher boxed the ears of his youngest brother, Tom, who had then just entered school. Seeing what had happened, John rushed up like a little bantam cock, and putting himself in the proper attitude of defense, punched the astonished usher, who could easily have picked him up and put him in his pocket.

Such outbursts of fire, however, were but flame in a wisp of straw. They burnt out on the instant, for John was at heart an affectionate lad, never mean, and easily moved to any generous feeling.

The three boys, John, George and Tom, were still only little tads when their father was killed by a fall from his horse. And now their mother, whom they all dearly loved, was no longer able to keep the livery stable. She and her little daughter, Fanny, went to live with her mother in the country at Edmonton. Henceforth the boys saw no more of London. Their days revolved between Clarke School and Grandmother's house, two miles away.

On half holidays and vacations John loved to roam about the fields. He loved to bring home to his Grandmother's wild pets from the brooks and bushes,—goldfinches, tomtits, minnows and mice. Once he wrote of himself:

*There was a naughty boy,
A naughty boy was he,
He kept little fishes
In washing tubs three,
In spite
Of the might
Of the maid,
Nor afraid,
Of his granny good!*



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Aye, in spite of the might of the maid who doubtless frowned darkly on the mess, they were indulgent women, that mother and grandmother. They let the boy keep his pets.

In those early days John cared not at all about winning high marks at school. A rough and tumble schoolboy was he, lively as the liveliest, passing his time with rambles, games and fights, and studying no more than was necessary just to scrape along. And then one day came his first great sorrow. The news had reached him. His mother was dead. Poor boy, he crept off and hid himself in desolation under the master's desk struggling pitifully with his grief. But after this he filled the void in his life with a sudden passion for books. He read all the time and he lived in his stories. Books, books, books,—he carried them with him everywhere, even to the table, and he fought all too valiantly if any one disturbed him.

Now at this time, "Granny good" was a very old lady and she had Fanny and the boys to think of. What would become of them after she was gone? She pondered this question often, and finally she decided to ask Mr. Richard Abbey, an old friend of hers, now a prosperous coffee merchant in London, to become their guardian. Poor Granny with all her good intentions! It was a sorry choice. Mr. Abbey had no more imagination than a cow, and he was so set in his ways that he would not exchange his knee-breeches for the long trousers which were the fashion of the day, until he became such an object of curiosity on the Exchange that everyone turned to look after him in his long white stockings and half boots. For John he had no use whatever. John was now fifteen, old enough to leave school,—so said Mr. Abbey. George and Tom he would take into his counting house in London, but John should be a surgeon, a good, honest, country doctor, riding around in a gig, pulling teeth, compounding pills and setting bones. John he apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Hammond, Surgeon, of Edmonton.

Henceforth John was a sort of handy house and stable boy,

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making up medicines, tending shop, running errands, or going with his master to hold his horse on the rounds. In his leisure hours he walked back across the meadows to Enfield to read and chat in the arbor at the end of the garden with his old friend, Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of the Headmaster. Charles lent him books and copies of Leigh Hunt's paper, the *Examiner*. There was a man for boys to admire,—Leigh Hunt! Charles knew him personally, an independent, free-hearted fellow. One day this Hunt got himself sent off to jail for writing a violent article against the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Then Charles and John regarded him as a martyr and glowed with fiery indignation at this blow to the rights of free speech. Under the arbor the two youths also read Shakespeare together, and Charles let John take home a copy of Spenser's *Faery Queen*. Through the story of *Una and the Red Cross Knight* he ramped like a young horse through a spring meadow. It delighted him so completely that it called forth from him a poem, in *Imitation of Spenser*. From that day he loved writing more than anything else in the world.

John was only nineteen when his grandmother died, the last of the older generation who had loved and cherished him. His little sister, Fanny, went up to London to live with the Abbess. His grandmother's house was closed and he, who so loved a home, was never to know another.

When the great day came that Leigh Hunt was let out of prison, Keats was overjoyed and keyed to a jubilee! He wrote a sonnet to Hunt and dashed off with it to find Clarke. Clarke was just setting out to walk up to London and congratulate the martyr. Keats met him and walked part way with him. At the gate to the last field when about to take leave of his friend, he grew embarrassed and self conscious, and with a look of hesitation, gave Clarke the sonnet. This was the first time Clarke had known that John was writing poetry.

After this, John began to chafe at his life as a surgeon's ap-

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prentice. He longed to kick over the traces and dash up to London. True, he still intended to be a surgeon and to give only leisure time to poetry, but he dreamt day in and day out of adventuring in literary by-ways of the city. Richard Abbey was disgusted and advised him to waste no more time in scribbling. Nevertheless, John persisted and one fine day saw him free of Hammond and walking up to London to pursue his studies in the hospitals, feeling like a knight setting forth on a thrilling adventure.

He was a handsome fellow in those days, John Keats, though still only five feet tall. The form of his head was like that of a fine Greek statue. His hair was red and his eyes a brilliant brown. In London he and his brothers made many pleasant friends, for all three young men bore themselves with true simplicity and distinction.

When he was off on a holiday nothing seemed to escape him, the song of a bird, the rustle of some little animal, the changing lights and the furtive play of shadows, the motions of the wind, the



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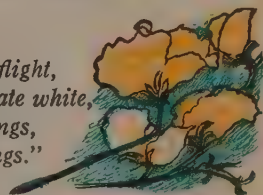
wayfaring of the clouds, even the features and gestures of passing tramps. Certain things affected him extremely, particularly when he heard afar off, the wind coming across the woodlands. "The tide! The tide!" he would cry delightedly and spring on some stile or up on the low boughs of a wayside tree, and watch the passage of the wind on the meadow grasses, not stirring till the flow of air was all around him, while an expression of rapture made his eyes gleam. From fields of oats or barley rippling in the wind, it was almost impossible to drag him. Ah, the young fellow was in love with beauty. Already in his heart the refrain was ringing:

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."*

In those days he wrote a poem, *I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill*. It was all alight with his eager love of beauty. The clouds were in it and sweet buds in the morning dew, and the little noiseless noise that creeps among the leaves. How, pray tell, did he ever catch and hold the fragile, fairy-like beauty of sweet peas without weighing them down to earth by his words?



*"Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings."*



There is all the airy delicacy of sweet peas forever set down in verse.

One day Clarke told Keats that Leigh Hunt intended to publish one of his sonnets in the *Examiner*. Three cheers! To be really in print at last! It was an enormous step forward! Moreover, Hunt invited Keats out to Hampstead to his home in the Vale of Health. His house was small and nearly as bursting with children as that of the *Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe*, but he was warmly hospitable, and brilliant company was always gath-

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ered there, among them sometimes Shelley. True, Keats was not particularly drawn to Shelley. He thought the fiery youth with his bristling ideas for reforming the world somewhat of a crank, for Keats himself was the sanest, best balanced of men, never carried off headlong by a runaway of ideas. He had no wish to reform the world. He only wanted with all his heart to express his love of beauty. Nevertheless, Shelley appreciated Keats, and after his death, wrote a splendid poem in his honor.

In the Vale of Health there were fun and fancy, frolic and earnest, with endless readings and discussions. Keats was enchanted with it all, and was always running out to enjoy it. But now as his interest in poetry grew, he was more and more disturbed at thought of being a surgeon.

"The other day during the lecture," he said, "there came a sun-beam into the room and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray, and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland."

How could such a man be a surgeon? It was impossible! Much to Richard Abbey's disgust, Keats gave up at last and decided to devote himself only to poetry. He set himself seriously to work, —work, work, work, and he scarcely looked off until George Keats married, and went away with his bride to seek his fortunes in America. Then John and a friend of his accompanied the two on top of the stage coach to Liverpool and from there set off on a walking tour through Scotland and the English Lake Country where Wordsworth had his home. One day they tramped through that wild part of Scotland where the old gypsy, Meg Merrilies, had often boiled her kettle among fragments of rock and bramble and broom. Magic! Keats must write a ballad of Old Meg! When it was finished he sent it in a letter to his sister, Fanny, in London.

All in good time he arrived in Hampstead again, brown and shabby, with scarcely any shoes left, his jacket torn, a fur cap on his head, a Scotch plaid over his shoulder, and his knapsack on his back. Here he found that his brother Tom was desperately

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ill. Sad weeks followed, weeks of patient nursing, but in the end Tom died, and now, with George far away in America, he who so loved his brothers had no brothers left to comfort him. In those dark days, too, came the dreadful reviews of his first long poem, *Endymion*. The reviewers in *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly Magazine* hated Leigh Hunt because he had criticized the Prince, and in order to strike at him, they smashed his friend with a withering irony and scorn. *Endymion* according to them was no more than the most ridiculous twaddle. Keats was cut to the heart. Moreover, he was in love with a handsome young woman, Fanny Brawne, and all his hope of marrying depended on his succeeding, that he might earn enough to support her.

He worked with a feverish energy. In times past an artist friend of his had taken him to the British Museum to see the splendid collection of old Greek sculptures, so dignified, graceful and simple in the clear-cut, white purity of marble. Keats was overcome at the sight. It meant to him a glorious revelation of beauty. Such beauty as that he wanted in his poems! Indeed, no man has ever written in English more beautiful lines than Keats. Had the critics only seen it! But no, they looked at his faults alone. They were blind and deaf to his genius.

One disappointment followed another. He strove and strove to succeed, but the reviewers knew no pity. Then one day he fell ill. After months of struggle he went off to Italy and died, alone save for one faithful friend.

Later generations have judged his work more truly. Graceful and beautiful as a Grecian urn, fragile and delicate as sweet peas, was the genius of little John Keats.



ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET THE DAISY'S SONG OLD MEG ROBIN HOOD THE GRECIAN URN

MY BOOK HOUSE

In Tropical Town*

SALOMON DE LA SELVA (Nicaraguan, 1893——)



*Blue, pink and yellow houses, and afar
The cemetery where the green trees are.
Sometimes you see a hungry dog pass by,
And there are always buzzards in the sky.
Sometimes you hear the big cathedral bell,
A blind man rings it; and sometimes you hear
A rumbling ox-cart that brings wood to sell,
Else nothing ever breaks the ancient spell
That holds the town asleep, save, once a year
The Easter festival.*

SALOMON sees the old, old town of Leon, Nicaragua, where he was born. Sleepy it lies in the still air, scarcely a breeze stirring, and in the distance tower the giant old volcanoes that roar at times and tremble from their gaping mouths of fire.

A thin and restless boy was Salomon, of a family old and honored in the land, come down from Indian chiefs and proud conquistadores from Spain. The street on which he lived was bounded

**Told chiefly from SALOMON DE LA SELVA'S own poems in TROPICAL TOWN*

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by ancient Spanish houses, fat and lazy in the sun, and it ran onward to the park, where on warm nights the band made music and the young folk wandered mid a play of light and shade. Within, the house was shadowy and cool with a garden in the middle. There the boy had toys, soldiers of lead, a sword, and kites, and tops, and little birds of clay to whistle through. But on a certain day he broke the sword and melted all the soldiers, for there was something in him, striving, asking, whirling, soaring far above his toys, seeking—he knew not what. He scarcely spoke and hardly heard what others said to him, so busy was he with the inward din of this strange seeking. And then he kissed his mother's cheek and found it salty with her tears, and so he knew he was no more a boy.

And now he found no comrade better than his well beloved guitar that trembled at his touch like winds that kiss and fly.

In the mornings when the bells were dizzily calling one to prayer, he watched through his window, Indian girls from the river with flowers in their hair. One bore fresh eggs in wicker boxes for the grocer, others had their baskets full of fruit, and some had skins of mountain cats and foxes caught in traps at home. Gaily he called a greeting. They answered him with mocking, and passed him by with graceful, stately gait, balancing their bodies on lithe hips.

Sometimes he saw the rain come sweeping down the street, a witch that puts the world into her bag and blows the skies away. He saw the children scurry home and when the rain was over and the children out again, O the joy of swaying palm trees with the rainbows overhead, and the streets swollen like rivers and the wet earth's smell and, afar, the tempest vanishing with a stifled thunder, in a glare of lurid radiance from the gaping mouth of Hell!

But best of all the young man loved to leave behind the center of the city with its stately Spanish palaces, and climbing past the old cathedral that the Spaniards built, go up the hill for

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fourteen blocks and cross the three-arched bridge to Guadalupe. There the houses are no palaces, but little things, ugly almost, and frail, with low red roofs and flimsy rough-cut doors, but little better than the Indian huts that huddle in the Indian quarter of the town. And yet these tiny cottages all seemed so glad the sun was shining, so glad to feel a little wind begin to blow, though all the while afraid of the volcanoes, holding their breath lest these should wake and crush them with a rain of fire. Through the doors ajar, he saw the walls with sacred pictures and the children playing, wrangling, dreaming, much the way that children do elsewhere. He saw the faithful wives, sweeping, mending, doing all the thousand little things that make a woman's life and singing at their work; and here amid these humble homes he felt his people dwelt, the real people of his land, and so he sang their song, the song of Nicaragua.

It was thus he grew to be a poet, and when his father died and left him only seventeen years old, his nation as a whole, by action of its congress adopted him as its ward. A vision thrilled him, too, the vision of America united, North America one in friendship with the nations of the South. And so the North began to call him. He would visit the United States and study there, and sing of brotherhood between the North and South. To the North he came with a dream, with a song,—from the land where the sunlight is molten gold to New England's cold and wintry snows. But on the hills of New England shone the same moon as in Nicaragua, there were little white birches in the woods and birds in the trees. There were kind hearts, too, in New England. He learned at last to love it and call it Little Mother. And so he stayed to teach at Williams College in the wet New England valley with the purple hills around. He stayed to lecture at Columbia University, where New York's tall soaring buildings still had poetry for him. The greatest poet of Spanish America is he and his songs are like the plaintive music of guitars.



MARIEL
WILHOITE



